

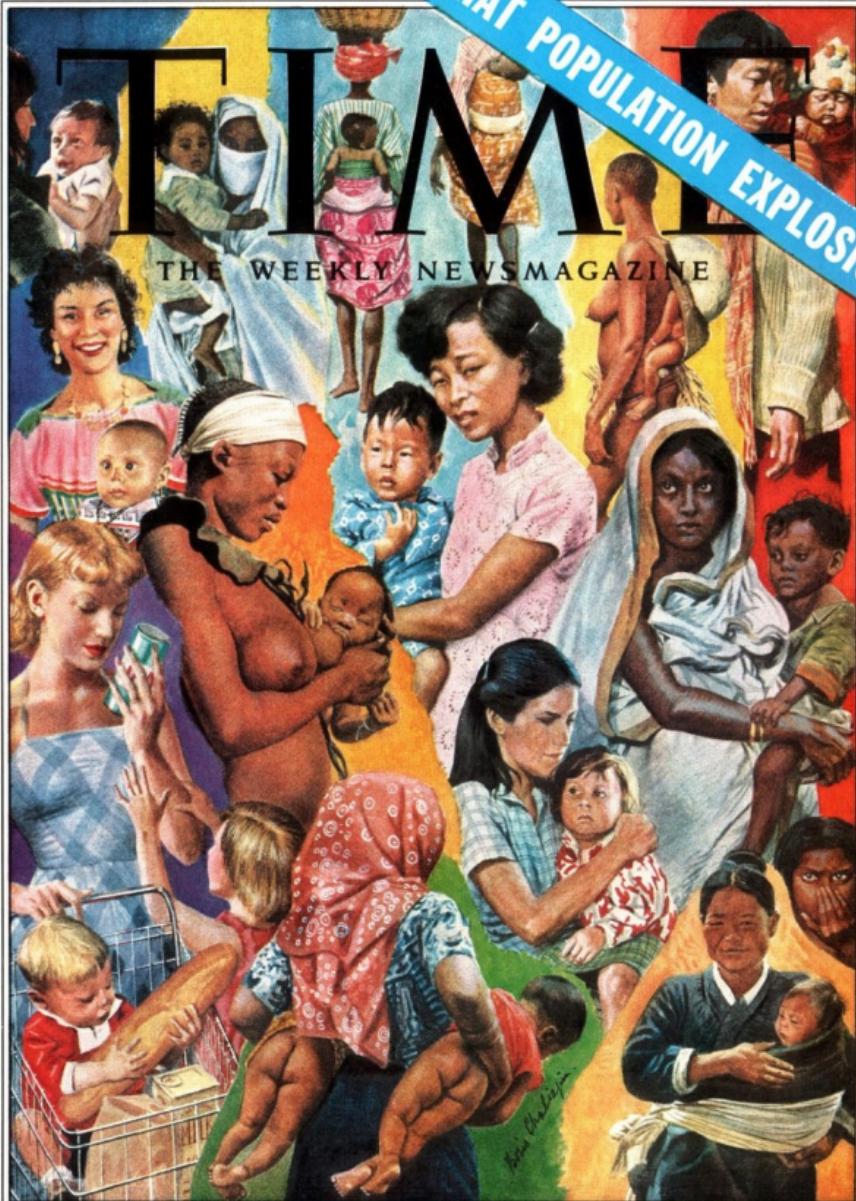
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JANUARY 11, 1960

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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VOL. LXXV NO. 2



Ford brings you a glamorous new Thunderbird...

# *The sliding sun roof* THUNDERBIRD

*Now you can enjoy all the advantages of a weather-proof closed car—plus the open-air fun of a convertible!*



You can have your cake and eat it, too!

When you drive the brilliant new 1960 Thunderbird with the sliding sun roof—you're wide open to the sky in June, completely weatherproof in January.

To open the roof, simply turn a handle and glide the roof back. You can do it with one hand, from the driver's seat, while your Thunderbird is in motion. It's that easy! And you can lock it in any position from closed tight to open wide.

The new sliding sun roof is an *all-steel* panel. The girl on the opposite page is taking advantage of it to photograph a recent ceremony at U.S. Marine Corps barracks in Washington, D. C.

*In winter*, driving with the roof open about a quarter of the way actually *improves* the efficiency of your heater. At the same time, you can enjoy fresh, constantly changing air. You've never known such pleasant winter driving.

*In summer*, just slip the sliding sun roof back all the way and you'll sing the song of the open road—and the open top! You'll

enjoy a *naturally* air-conditioned ride.

Winter or summer, you'll find that the new sliding sun roof Thunderbird brings you more style, more comfort and more fun than you've ever enjoyed before—even in a Thunderbird!

And the optional sliding sun roof can be yours with the new 1960 Thunderbird for *far less* than you'd pay for other luxury cars without this exciting innovation. See your Ford dealer. You'll find that the Thunderbird sun roof is one of the most wonderful things that's happened since the sun first came out!



Drive *any* Thunderbird—hardtop with sun roof, hardtop, or convertible—and you'll see at once why this unique car is already one of the great automotive classics of all time. It performs as only a Thunderbird can. It is distinctive and luxurious. It is comfortable as only a car with *individual* seats can be. In short, it is the world's most wanted car—the car *everyone* would love to own.

## '60 THUNDERBIRD THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED CAR

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*,



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may need in your home or office.



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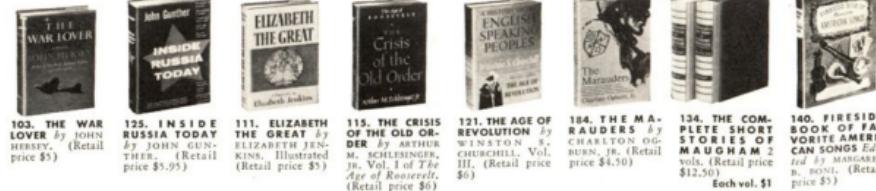
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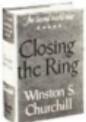
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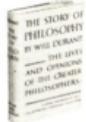
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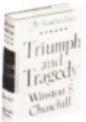
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# LETTERS

## Evolution & Aquinas

Sir:

Re your excellent review of *The Phenomenon of Man* by the late Father Teilhard de Chardin [Dec. 14], it is interesting that this perceptive priest has restated so clearly a number of old ideas:

1) His concept of a "thinking envelope" or "noosphere" surrounding the earth, 2) the evolution of consciousness culminating in self-awareness, 3) the apparent plurality but fundamental unity of everything in a universe held together by an inexorably harmonious binding force (love).

For some years, I, as well as others, have been writing, and speaking on precisely these matters—attempting to show that every individual and, in fact, every atom are rooted in a Perfect Infinity or God-consciousness beyond the range of space and time. The Church would do well to adapt to these realities and thereby strengthen its position as a true gateway to the God-source.

JAMES CRENSHAW

Los Angeles *Herald-Express*  
Los Angeles

Sir:

It is unfortunate that Father Teilhard neglects consideration of the Creation, when physical science continually demonstrates the Creator's hand. The intricate organization of matter and energy that physical science has shown to exist is proof enough that this organization was created. The unanswered question is "Why?"

JOHN WARD SMITH

Laramie, Wyo.

Sir:

It is true that friends and opponents alike may find it hard to understand that Teilhard's conception of evolution is not in disagreement with the traditional Roman Catholic outlook. But this comes from a misunderstanding that could have most unfortunate consequences.

Teilhard, drawing both from his scientific experience and from the mystical vision of his faith, reached the conviction that Christianity, and Christianity alone, in its Catholic form could save the modern world from intellectual despair by revealing the full spiritualizing significance of our scientific and technical endeavors. To accomplish this, communications had to be re-established between the two distinct worlds of science and of the Church. A breach between them has not always existed. In the days of Aquinas, for instance, science and religion were not yet alienated. But since then, a gradual process has drawn them apart. Teilhard has

attempted to reverse this movement. And he has succeeded.

I am a Christian and a neurophysician. I hold Teilhard's opinions to be confirmed in my own field of research. I am particularly aware of the kinship of Teilhard's scientific views and of the philosophy of Aquinas.

PAUL CHAUCHAUD<sup>9</sup>

Paris

## The Miracle Worker

Sir:

Your Dec. 21 profile of Anne Bancroft caught much of the charm of her impetuosity. Indeed, when the theater's elite gathered to celebrate her triumph at the opening



Clarence Housman

ACTRESS BANCROFT & CHILDREN

night party for *The Miracle Worker*, many were not surprised to find her completely absorbed singing and playing "Clap Hands" with young girls of the cast, some of whom are blind.

CLARENCE E. HOUSMAN

Brooklyn

## A Real Daisy

Sir:

Nobody who has seen *Pull My Daisy* by Jack Kerouac [with Beat Poets Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and Peter Orlovsky in the cast] can agree with the distorted impression you have given of it in your Dec. 14 issue. You have completely neglected to mention that *Pull My Daisy* is an attempt

® Director of the Laboratory of Neurophysiology at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes (Sorbonne). Professor of Psychophysiology at the Ecole des Psychologues Praticiens (Institut Catholique, Paris).

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at spontaneous movie making and does not pretend to be anything else. You attempt to compare it to a home movie because the narrator speaks for the characters; yet even your obvious attempt to make Kerouac's prose seem humorous cannot dim its haunting poetic quality.

IVARS LAUERSONS

New York City

Sir:

The fact that these delinquents and the ideas they represent are not only not laughed off the face of the earth but are supported by certain more respectable persons is an indictment of present-day American culture.

H. MEYERS

Rome

## How to Save the Railroads

Sir:

I was startled to read in your issue of Dec. 14 a direct quotation attributed to me, which, while accurate in itself, when taken out of the fabric of the discussion in which it was made, gave a completely inaccurate impression of my position on the question of federal subsidies for commuter railroads.

In a story covering the recent Denver meeting of mayors and railroad presidents, I was quoted: "I'd rather see a subsidy than to see our major cities strangled in the face of dwindling fares and high taxes."

My position against such subsidy is so well known that this quotation gives the impression that I have now reversed my often stated stand against federal handouts to commuter lines.

I told the assembled mayors that it was up to New Jersey and other eastern states, now taxing the railroad commuter lines out of existence, to put their own houses in order before asking for federal assistance for commuting services. This would mean cleaning up their present confiscatory taxing policies and modernizing their regulatory philosophies.

I said that until such action was taken on the state and local level, there was no reason for the citizens of such states as Colorado, Utah and Kansas to subsidize the well-to-do residents of the eastern commuter areas. Even though my railroad would benefit by these subsidies, I would be the last citizen in the land to recommend inequitable treatment for the nation's taxpayers.

A. E. PERLMAN  
President

New York Central System  
New York City

## Playola

Sir:

Re your Dec. 14 article "Brass Island": if ever the TV and the record industry should investigate the Pentagon high brass guessting under the auspices of Martin Co., they should label it playola.

HERB E. JENNEMANN

Hollywood

## Best—or Bad?

Sir:

In regard to your Dec. 21 magazine: I am pleased to read the story on Artist Henry Koerner. I too am convinced that H. K. "is one of the nation's best living painters."

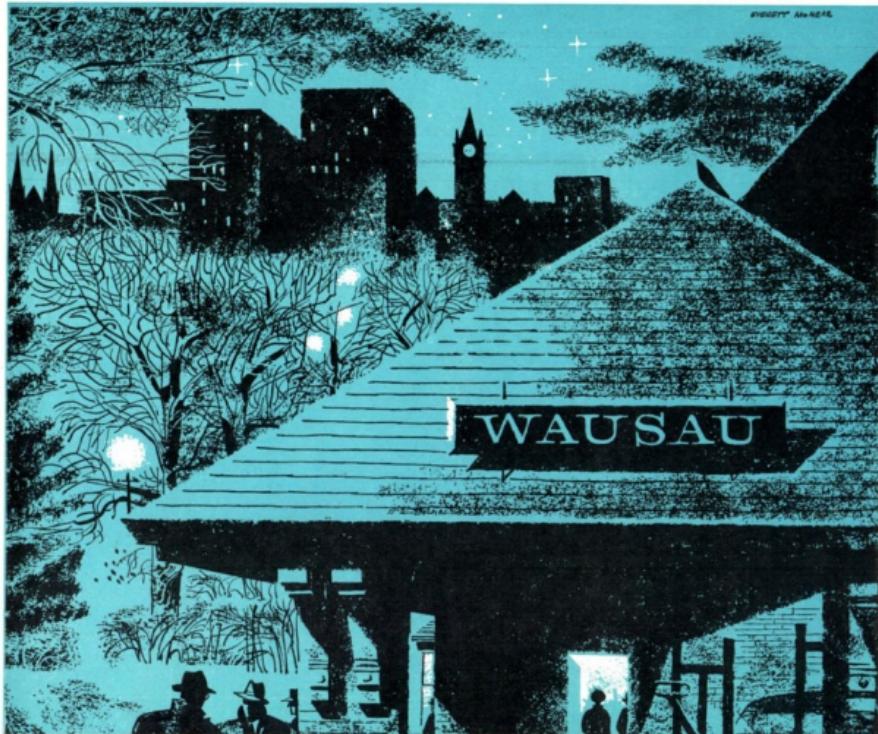
DONG KINGMAN<sup>®</sup>

New York City

Sir:

Although I have admired Henry Koerner's TIME covers, I was disappointed in his paintings. Ugliness is never beautiful. Nor should

® Whose own painting has been reproduced in color in TIME (May 28, 1951, and Dec. 8, 1952).



## How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?

The fishing's good near Wausau. It's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. Once in a while, they say, a lynx comes down from the north.

And it's the home of one of the world's most important insurance companies.

### How come?

This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 48 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided the company from the very beginning.

### How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost personal character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't

want to lose. We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is an excellent service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower costs to policyholders.

We're still "Wausau." But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 110 cities. "A little bit of Wausau" is near you, wherever you live. And we're still good people to do business with.

# Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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content ("the basic human condition, especially in America") ever be a criterion for artistic vision and expression of an individual.

**GEORGIANA CHAPPELL**

Chesterton, Ind.

Sir:

How can an otherwise sane and balanced TIME pontificate that Henry Koerner "is one of the nation's best living painters"? Lost in a washed-out pink and blue world, Koerner is something between a Madison Avenue slick-magazine treatment and Salvador Dali, and that is a mighty bad place of residence for an artist.

**MERLE ARMITAGE**

Yucca Valley, Calif.

**TONY CHESSICK**

**Freedom v. License**

Sir:

Re your Dec. 21 article on the "Pope and the Press": It is too bad that many Americans have the wrong notion of freedom and liberty. Freedom is not license. Freedom accepts responsibilities; license ignores them. Pope John is attempting to preserve freedom of the press by helping to prevent its reversal into license of the press.

**TONY CHESSICK**

Notre Dame, Ind.

**Statements about India**

Sir:

Congratulations to Artist Boris Chaliapin on his cover for your Dec. 14 edition. Nehru in pensive mood, with the Himalayas in the background and the symbolic red dragon of China on the rampage, exactly depicts the situation.

**COLIN CLARK**

Sydney, Australia

Sir:

You quoted Nehru's daughter's observation: "No statement about India is wholly true."

She might well have added, "including this one."

**ROBERT L. TEBEAU**

Huntington, N.Y.

Sir:

Your sermon on India proves once again that Indira Gandhi is correct in her observation.

**C. A. ISAAC**

London

Sir:

Your brilliant Nehru cover story, I am sure, will lead Indira Gandhi to at least reconsider, if not change, her statement.

**PARVEZ HASAN**

Lahore, Pakistan

**Could He Ask For More?**

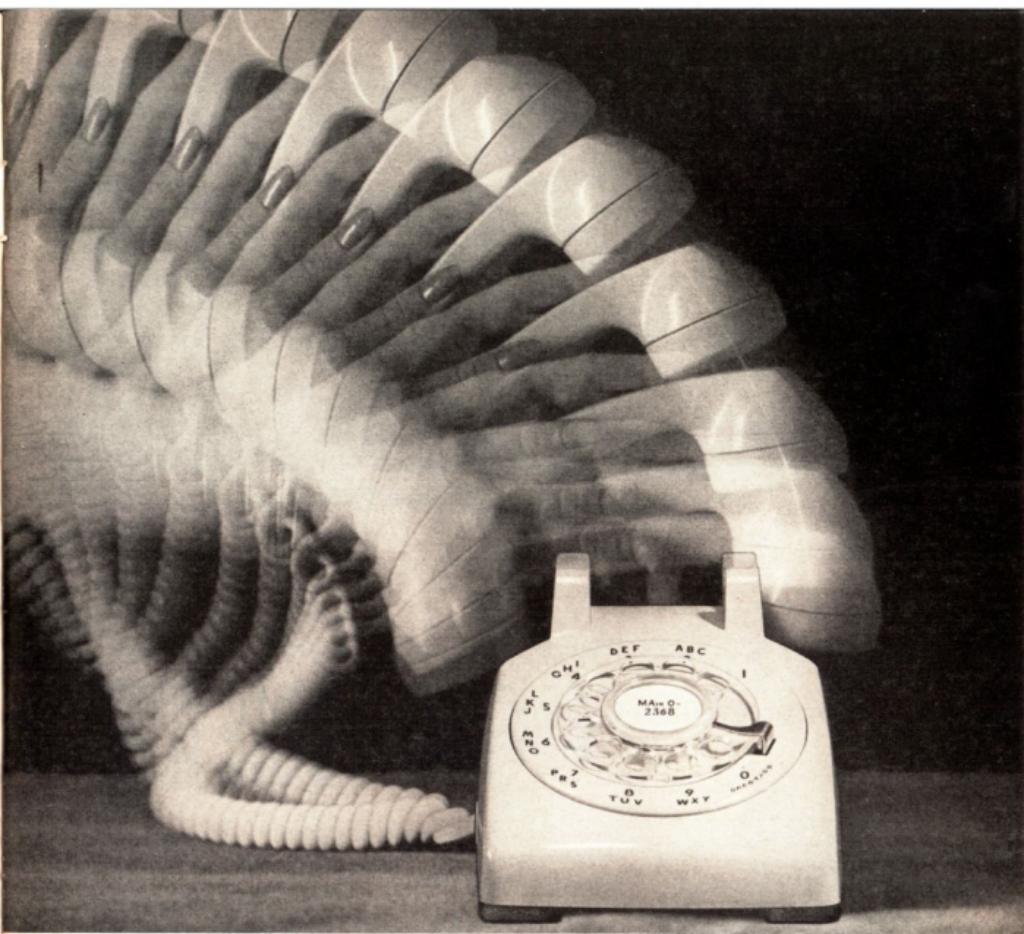
Sir:

Thank you for your Dec. 21 review of my Civil War novel, *Theirs Be the Guilt*. I am sorry you do not like "molasses," but I do not believe there could be "smiling Negroes" on a Southern plantation without plenty of that delectable. Sorry, too, that you do not like my "Lanny Budd" device for presenting history. I can only assure you that millions of people all over the world do love my Lanny. It is enough for a historian to ask of any reviewer to admit that "Most of the speeches and conversations of the great sound authentic . . . All the arguments in America's great debate are in the book."

Ask your readers if I could ask more.

**UPTON SINCLAIR**

Buckeye, Ariz.



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waviness or channelization, even under 150-ton jet airliner weights. And concrete withstands the heat of jet blasts, and the action of spilled fuel, as no other pavement can.

Concrete is the high-safety pavement—pilots themselves will tell you this. It is light-colored for maximum visibility. Its grainy surface means dependable skid resistance and better braking. Concrete creates no dragging action on take-offs.

These material and engineering advantages that make modern concrete ideal for airports make it unexcelled too, for highways of every class. Mile after mile of concrete across the country proves it can do the job better—and do it for less money in the long run!

**FOR RUNWAYS WITH  
A SOLID FUTURE...**

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*A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete*





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### THE CONGRESS

#### Program: Peace & Balance

Getting nervous because no date had been set, a Capitol Hill Republican last week telephoned a White House aide to find out when the President was planning to hold his meeting with G.O.P. congressional leaders to discuss the Administration's legislative program for the new session of Congress. The answer: "We don't plan to have a meeting, and we don't want one."

Dwight Eisenhower saw no need to talk over his program for the congressional session that convenes this week. Reason: he plans no brand-new programs, no departures from the basics he stressed in earlier sessions—balance the budget, fight inflation, uphold foreign aid, resist crash programs. He has decided to hold the line on the domestic front while concentrating, in his final year in the presidency, on one paramount undertaking: the quest for peace. The President's single-minded objective this year, say White House aides, is to make solid progress toward thawing cold-war tensions and building world peace.

**Conciliatory Mood.** The President's concentration on the peace issue seemed to mean that, despite their lopsided majorities in Congress, the Democrats would again, as they did last year, find it difficult to get hold of a big, politically rewarding issue. There is little the opposition party can do to change the fact that the voter-stirring issues of 1960 lie in such policy realms as foreign relations, defense and space, where initiative and control belong to the executive branch. Congress may criticize the President's policies and performances in those realms, may even vote more money than he asks, but it cannot take the issues away from him.

Bent on the quest for peace, the President is in a conciliatory mood on domestic issues, eager to avoid battles with the Democratic majorities in Congress. Despite the 116-day steel strike that was halted only by an 80-day Taft-Hartley injunction (due to run out late this month), the President had not decided on the need for additional labor legislation. Even with the \$7 billion-a-year farm scandal confronting him as a conspicuous failure of his Administration, Ike was not planning to offer any bold new program for coping with it. "Let the Democrats come forward with something better than we've got," he says, "and believe me, we'll listen to them." Since the Democrats have no solu-



SPEAKER RAYBURN & MAJORITY LEADER JOHNSON  
The battles may be between Democrat and Democrat.

Associated Press

tion either, it seems probable that the second session of the 86th Congress will end with scarcely a nick made in the most glaring domestic problem of 1960.

**Saddening Fact.** Nonetheless the Democrats were out to make records they can point to in their re-election campaigns. Main items in their agenda for the 1960 session:

¶ An omnibus housing and urban renewal package that the President will probably find as little to his liking as the two Democratic housing measures he vetoed during the last session.

¶ An aid-to-depressed-areas bill.

¶ A school construction program calling for direct federal grants to localities; the Administration is willing to see the Federal Government aid school construction by guaranteeing local bonds, but opposes direct grants.

¶ A boost in social security benefits (a standard election-year ritual) plus an old-age medical-insurance program; the Administration opposes the insurance program on principle as a needless extension of federal intervention.

¶ A minimum-wage increase from \$1 an hour to \$1.25, with coverage extended to several million additional workers. This is a Democratic must designed to soothe

labor leaders who are angry about Democratic support for last year's labor bill. The Administration considers the \$1.25 level inflationary.

The saddening fact about this welfare program, in Democratic eyes, is that even if the Democrats get it all past the President's veto barrier, the total political value may be slight compared to the appeal of the President's peace issue. Last week a newsman asked a top Democratic strategist how much he thought the welfare program, if enacted, would be worth to the party's presidential candidate next November. Said the strategist, after a moment of silent thought: "Nothing."

**Four Hopefuls.** With congressional Democrats conceding in advance that their party cannot hope to make much political headway by fighting Ike, the prospect looms that the fiercest battles on Capitol Hill this session will be fought not between Democrats and Republicans, but between Democrats and Democrats. A bitter intraparty fight seems certain to break out when the liberal Democrats, notably Presidential Candidate Hubert Humphrey (see Democrats), push for a civil rights bill. And the session will doubtless see many a cloakroom plot and fierce skirmish as the Senate's four presi-

idential hopefuls—Texas' Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson, Massachusetts' John F. Kennedy, Minnesota' Humphrey, Missouri's Stuart Symington—work for advantage. The scramble reaches even to the House, where Speaker Sam Rayburn is openly committed to Fellow Texan Lyndon Johnson's candidacy.

For Republican members of Congress, the session should prove comparatively relaxing. The Administration can take its stand on the solid, familiar terrain of peace, prosperity and fiscal integrity. With last session's seasoning behind them, the G.O.P. minority-leader team of Illinois' Everett Dirksen in the Senate and Indiana's Charles Halleck in the House should be able to operate even more smoothly

chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Atomic Energy Commission Chairman John McCone; Presidential Assistants (for national security) Gordon Gray and (for science) George Kistiakowsky. They were in rare unanimity on a general proposition. They intended to put it to the President that 1) the U.S. ought to continue the 14-month-old talks with Britain and the U.S.S.R. at Geneva on how to inspect and control any permanent test ban; 2) the U.S. should not promise to extend the test moratorium any longer.

**New Doubts.** The President's advisers carried with them to Augusta new evidence to reinforce their conclusions. It was the latest 41-page report on technical discussions among the U.S., British and Russian



COMMITTEE OF PRINCIPALS ARRIVING AT AUGUSTA\*  
In rare unanimity on a basic proposition.

Don Uhrbrock

and effectively than it did last year. And when not engaged in withstanding budget-unbalancing Democratic programs, the Republicans on the Hill can sit back and enjoy the spectacle of the Democrats' cloakroom-and-dagger feuds.

## THE ATOM

### Freedom to Test

Through the cold, predawn darkness of Washington one day last week, a small group of high U.S. officials known informally as the "Committee of Principals" drove to the Military Air Transport Service terminal. There they boarded a silver Douglas C-118, took off for Augusta, Ga., to keep an 8:30 a.m. appointment with the President. Within three days the U.S.'s self-imposed, 14-month suspension of nuclear tests was due to expire on its deadline of midnight Dec. 31. The urgent question to be decided that morning: Should the U.S., or should it not, renew the nuclear-test moratorium?

In the group were Secretary of State Christian Herter and Under Secretary C. Douglas Dillon; Defense Secretary Thomas Gates and General Nathan Twining,

scientists at Geneva on the feasibility of checking underground test shots.

In this report, U.S. and British scientists led by the U.S.'s Dr. James Fisk and Britain's Sir William Penney set down their revised findings (TIME, Jan. 12, 1959 *et seq.*) that known techniques of seismic detection of underground tests were completely unreliable. The U.S. had gone into the Geneva talks 14 months before on the basis of a single seismic detection of a single underground test explosion—the Rainier shot in September 1957—but had pulled up short after the Hardtack shots in Nevada in October 1958 could not be distinguished from small earthquakes. The Russian scientists had agreed to consider the evidence. Instead, the U.S.S.R.'s Evgeny Fedorov charged in the Geneva report that it was "the brink of absurdity." Fedorov went on to charge the Western scientists with deliberate "misrepresentation . . . manipulation . . . a tendentious use of one-sidedly developed material for the purpose of undermining confidence."

© From left: Under Secretary Dillon, AEC's McCone, Secretary Herter, Secretary Gates, J.C.S. Chairman Twining.

The President's advisers concluded that the Russians, in their assault on the integrity of Western scientists, were raising new doubts about the Kremlin's good faith in the whole series of nuclear negotiations. Next question: Were Kremlin scientists to be trusted for objective studies on any phase of disarmament? Herter, though an original advocate of the test moratorium, was now convinced that the moratorium was giving a nuclear advantage to the U.S.S.R., with no return to the U.S.

**New Debate.** In the President's office, Chris Herter told Ike that on the basis of the record no agreement was in sight. Dr. Fisk, home from Geneva, summarized the technical aspects of the talks. In nontechnical and blunt terms, AEC Chairman McCone read out Fedorov's attack on the U.S. scientists, whereupon the President's face reddened with anger. Together the President and the committee drew up the toughest diplomatic statement to appear since Khrushchev's visit to the U.S.

The prospects for agreement have been injured by the recent unwillingness on the part of the politically guided Soviet experts to give serious consideration to the effectiveness of seismic techniques for the detection of underground nuclear explosions," it read. "Indeed, the atmosphere of the talks has been clouded by the intemperate and technically unsupportable Soviet annex to the report.

"We will resume negotiations [at Geneva next month] in a continuing spirit of seeking to reach a safeguarded agreement.

"In the meanwhile, the voluntary moratorium on testing will expire Dec. 31.

"Although we consider ourselves free to resume nuclear-weapons testing, we shall not resume it without announcing our intention in advance. During this period . . . the U.S. will continue in its active program of weapons-research development and laboratory-type experimentation."

**Peril on Path?** Thus last week the President resolved the tricky problem of what to do when the test moratorium ran out with the old year. But he postponed into 1960 his decision on what the basic trend of U.S. nuclear policy ought to be—and on this broader decision his advisers were still divided. On the one hand, the Pentagon's civilian and military leaders, AEC Chairman McCone and most Senators on Congress' Joint Committee on Atomic Energy now argue specifically that the moratorium has dangerously slowed important U.S. weapons development—especially the development of tactical weapons, second-generation missile warheads and the "clean" neutron bomb (TIME, Nov. 30). Since there is no way of knowing whether the Russians have violated their test-suspension promise, they argue, any great delay in resuming the tests will jeopardize U.S. national security. Said New Mexico's Clinton Anderson, Joint Committee chairman: "I don't think we can go on forever without any decision . . . Either we ought to get quickly some decision on the scientific data or we should just drop the whole business and resume testing."

On the other side, White House Science Adviser Kistiakowsky, and U.S. Ambassa-

dor James Wadsworth, senior U.S. diplomat at the Geneva talks, argue that nuclear-test suspension is still the most promising path toward world disarmament and that the U.S. should regard the risk of Russian cheating, and the greater risk of weakening U.S. defenses, as the lesser of evils in a world of mounting armaments. The President, deeply moved by the cries for peace on his trip through Asia and North Africa, is inclined to side with Wadsworth and Kistiakowsky as long as he can feasibly do so—even though he has long insisted that no agreement with the Russians is worth anything unless results can be checked and inspected.

In any event, the U.S. does not intend to sit on its hands while the talks go on. Last week the order was passed among U.S. military and civilian scientists to crank up for a new series of underground, fallout-free nuclear tests in Nevada, which, if the President chooses, can get operational in May, June or July.

## ARMED FORCES

## The Watch Is Set

When the band had finished and the speeches were over, square-jawed Commander James Osborn, 41, stepped forward on the deck, read the commissioning orders and said: "I am commanding the orders." Up went the Stars and Stripes and the commissioning pennant on the first U.S. submarine of a new class to join the fleet—the history-making Polaris *George Washington*. Skipper Osborn next turned smartly to his executive officer.

\* Which, with three other Polaris subs already launched but not yet commissioned (*Robert E. Lee*, *Patrick Henry*, *Theodore Roosevelt*), begins a new Navy custom of naming submarines for people, not fish.



Associated Press

## "COMMISSIONING OF THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON"

Under the hull, the most advanced products of our technology.

cer, snapped a gloved salute. "Mr. Hannifin" he ordered, "set the watch."

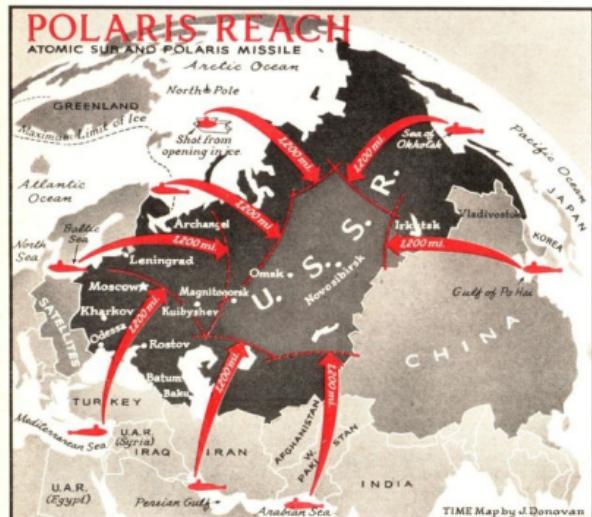
With this brief ceremony at Electric Boat's Wet Dock D in Groton, Conn., the U.S. last week took a giant step toward a new era of warfare and a revolutionary concept in the Navy's defense role. Hopefully by year's end, *George Washington* will be armed with 16 nuclear-tipped, 1,100-mile-range Polaris missiles, ready to prowl the globe as an undersea missile-launching platform. She is the first of a projected nine Polaris subs that will give the U.S. a new order of strategic capability against the Soviet Union. "Under this

stout hull," said Dr. George Kistiakowski, President Eisenhower's chief scientific adviser, "there are now hidden—or will soon be—the most advanced and diverse products of our technology; turbines and rocket propulsion, nuclear power and nuclear weapons, electronics . . . It is a breathtaking microcosm of American technology."

**Blue & Gold.** The 5,400-ton *George Washington* and her sister subs can roam the seas of the earth at speeds and depths far beyond enemy search capabilities. Since her nuclear refueling cycle is measured in years and not miles, she can outlast a single crew, thus becomes the first ship of the line to be manned by alternate crews, the "Blue" and the "Gold." (Each will remain on station for three months while the other is on shore leave or in training.) An electrolytic generator will manufacture the ship's oxygen supply, and a diagnostic computer will check out every missile and every major subsystem to provide instant intelligence about malfunctioning equipment.

Deep in her lowest bay—three decks below—will be a big safe containing the tapes for the guidance computers. A Ship's Inertial Navigation System (SINS) will provide the attack center with instantaneous pinpoint positioning, and the instantaneaous can be quickly fed into computers to program missile shots to preset targets. Even while submerged, *George Washington* can receive messages, and if war should come, she would be able to fire her 16 Polaris missiles at 16 separate targets from below the surface depths within a few minutes (see map). "After that," says Skipper Osborn, "our war is over, and we go home."

**Three Years Ahead.** The technological war to get the Polaris weapon systems built got started just three years ago with an encouraging kick from Chief of Naval Operations Arleigh Burke. Said Burke to Rear Admiral William Raborn Jr., officer



in charge: "Tell me what you have done, not what you are going to do." Raborn cut years off the schedule (original target date: 1963), partly by starting in on a hull that was already in construction (the first *Skipjack*). The parallel program for the development of the Polaris solid-fuel missile cranked up more speed. Raborn poured new money into every bottleneck delay, kept his promise that he would have the first ship in commission by late 1959; he made his deadline by one day.

In all, the Polaris program is producing missile subs at the rate of one every four months; a total of \$2.7 billion has been appropriated for it. The Navy has successfully fired dummy missiles from below the surface, and the development versions of Polaris missile have made good scores in surface firings (more than 900 miles). If Raborn can keep his promise to make Polaris operational late this year, *George Washington* will be three years ahead of schedule—and uncounted years ahead in the singular art of nuclear warfare.

## REPUBLICANS

### The Durable Influence

"It appears that neither the Republicans nor the Democrats recognized quite how much Nelson Rockefeller meant to them until he withdrew as a candidate for the presidential nomination," editorialized the *Christian Science Monitor* last week.

The Governor of New York, unruffled and businesslike, was back in his office at Albany working over a sheaf of proposals for overhauling and modernizing the state government, and getting ready to meet his legislature this week. But in the wake of his sudden "I-shall-not-be-a-candidate" announcement (*TIME*, Jan. 4), evidence was mounting that his campaign reconnaissance had identified him as a special kind of Republican who would continue to have a durable influence in the campaign.

Wrote the leftish *New Republic*, which spends considerable energies attacking Vice President Nixon: "Mr. Rockefeller can [now] give more attention to clarifying the issues . . . If, in the process, he lifts the level of political debate, it will be to everyone's advantage. It may even generate some new ideas for the Democratic platform and help that party to avoid the temptation of spending all its energies in a negative attack on the Vice President." One rising young congressional Democrat, understandably claiming anonymity, lamented that Rockefeller was "the only man in either party who has been free of the responsibility for errors of the past. He alone could have driven the pack of contestants onto the high ground of debating the great issues of survival and national need."

Unorthodox as it is, Rockefeller's new role of independent Republican spokesman holds the promise of considerably strengthening the Republican Party. Said Rocky in his withdrawal statement: "I am a Republican—seriously concerned about the future vigor and purpose of



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GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER  
Out, and working.

my party . . . In this spirit I expect to support the nominees, as well as the program, of the party in 1960." One paramount party problem in the 1960 campaign will be to convince independents that Nixon is a modern Republican and not the pawn of the Old Guard right wing, as the Democrats gleefully charge (although Californian Nixon was, in fact, a modern Republican before Eisenhower was a candidate or before Rockefeller had a political gleam in his eye).

As a vigorous, successful Republican Governor of the nation's most populous state, Nelson Rockefeller can help the G.O.P. considerably by keeping alive the image of pay-as-you-go Republican liberalism, by speaking out intelligently on issues. If he does so, he will have served the 1960 campaign exceedingly well—and may in the long run serve his political future better than if he had run in the primaries this time around.

## DEMOCRATS

### D-Day for Two

By coincidence, both Massachusetts' U.S. Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Minnesota's U.S. Senator Hubert Humphrey had chosen Jan. 2 as their D (for Declaration) Day. When Hubert got the word from Jack that the Kennedy announcement for the presidential nomination would come on that day, he gallantly moved his ceremony forward three days. After all, everybody and his brother by this time knew that both men had for months been rushing headlong for the nomination, and the worst thing they could do would be to blanket each other's announcement headlines.

**Humphrey.** At midweek Hubert Humphrey, in a grey worsted suit, TV-blouson shirt and red tie, bounded into a news conference in a Senate Office Building committee room to declare. In a bub-

bling mood, he made it plain that he was just about the last of the dyed-in-the-wool liberals, and a poor-boy (*see box*) "spokesman" for the "plain people." Adroit Campaigner Humphrey based his pitch on the claim that Vice President Richard Nixon can be beaten only by a nominee who can "carry the fight, campaign vigorously, unafraid, defend the record of his party, [and who can] start out with the props whirling, full steam ahead . . . and even prepare for some turbulent weather."

But first there was the matter of getting the Democratic nomination: he would enter the primaries in Wisconsin and South Dakota (where he has his best chance of beating Jack Kennedy), in Oregon (where Favorite Son Wayne Morse will muddy the results anyway), and in the District of Columbia. His fondest dream is to pick up 150 to 200 delegates (needed to win: 761), and then hope against hope for a deadlock that calls for an all-out liberal.

**Kennedy.** Wearing a handsome grin and a deep tan (he was just back from a two-week rest in Jamaica), Jack Kennedy packed the stately caucus room of the old Senate Office Building as a front runner should. Millionaire Jack (*see box*) made no mention of money, called himself a "liberal Democrat," spun out a list of global questions that would require "crucial decisions" in the years ahead (arms race, emergent nations, U.S. science and education, farm policy, moral purpose). Walking up to the question of his religion, Roman Catholic Jack Kennedy observed that there is only one issue: "Does a candidate believe in the Constitution, does he believe in the First Amendment, does he believe in the separation of church and state . . . ? I have given my views fully . . . The subject is exhausted."

Trying to head off talk that he would make a dream-ticket Vice President for Adlai Stevenson, Kennedy flatly turned down any thought of accepting a vice-presidential nomination. ("I will not accept under any condition.") He managed to needle Fellow Democrats Stuart Symington and Lyndon Johnson—neither of whom has shown any desire to announce for the nomination before convention time—by suggesting that candidates ought to show themselves off to the voters by mixing in a few state primaries; Stevenson, he said blandly, has run twice and is familiar to the voters. For his part, Kennedy plans to run in the New Hampshire primary on March 8, and pick his battlefield after that. His strategy is to win so many primaries that he will be able to convince doubting Democratic bosses at the Los Angeles Convention that he is the one Democrat who can win in November. Critical questions: Will he challenge Humphrey in Wisconsin, enter Ohio against the frowns of Governor Mike Di Salle, and California over the objections of Governor Edmund G. Brown?

Clearly the season's first two formal candidates had picked the hard way. D-Day was over, but the battles still lay ahead.

## MAN FROM MINNESOTA

*The first Democrat to declare his candidacy for his party's presidential nomination: Minnesota's Senator Hubert Horatio Humphrey Jr., 43.*

**Early Life.** Born May 27, 1911, in an apartment over his family's drugstore in Wallace, S. Dak., the second of four children, he inherited his name and his politics from his pharmacist father, who was persuaded into the Democratic Party after he heard William Jennings Bryan speak. As a prizewinning debater and bright student in high school and college (University of Minnesota '39), he acquired a volatility and an oratorical flourish that have stuck with him through the years. A victim of the Depression (he was forced to quit college for six years when his family's fortunes hit rock bottom, finally worked his way through school as a part-time janitor and drugstore clerk), and a witness of the dust storms that scourged South Dakota in the 1930s, Humphrey became an ardent advocate of Franklin Roosevelt. Phi Beta Kappa Humphrey wrote his master's thesis at Louisiana State University on *The Philosophy of the New Deal*.

**Political Career.** After a brief fling at teaching political science at the universities of Louisiana and Minnesota, Humphrey orbited naturally and eagerly to politics, was elected mayor of Minneapolis in 1945 at the age of 34. A thoroughgoing and effective reformer, he vigorously cleaned up the city, at the same time began a prudent purge of Communists and Wallace Progressives from Minnesota's lively Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party. In 1948 he was elected to the Senate, descended on Washington as one of the brashest and most brilliant of the Fair Deal's Young Turks. In a decade of national politics, Humphrey has been an outspoken advocate of civil rights, farm supports, foreign aid, all manner of liberal legislation, has built (with the help of his old friend Governor Orville Freeman) a formidable political machine in Minnesota. At the same time he has matured and mellowed enough to reach such a warm rapport with the Southern conservative leaders of the Senate that he is ranked as one of the best-liked members of that exclusive club. His 8½-hour talkathon with Russia's Nikita Khrushchev in December 1958 gave him an internationalist's aura and propelled him into a commanding position in front of the Democratic liberals.

**Personality & Philosophy.** An indefatigable, apple-cheeked dynamo (he regularly consumes vitamin pills), Humphrey breathes, eats and lives politics. One of his party's most adroit campaigners, he is the poor folks' avowed spokesman, will doubtless pursue a subdued rags v. riches campaign against his friend Jack Kennedy. Married to Muriel ("Bucky") Buck, his college sweetheart, he is the father of four children. "I set my aim on Congress," he wrote his wife years ago, after his first trip to Washington. "Don't laugh at me." Having achieved that aim long ago, Humphrey has now shifted his sights upward. And, though the political pros consider him one of the least powerful of the Democratic aspirants, Hubert Humphrey has proved before that he knows how to make the bad breaks his way.

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## MAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS

*The second Democrat to declare his presidential intentions, and the leading candidate of his party: Massachusetts' Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 42.*

**Early Life.** Born in quiet, suburban Brookline, the second of nine children of an Irish-American family, he grew up in all the opulence that money can buy. Though Boston's Brahmins scorned the Kennedy clan (both of Jack's grandfathers became highly successful Democratic politicians), Jack and his brothers and sisters spent their childhood holidays in such faraway places as Palm Beach and Rome, hobnobbed with princes and politicians. After prepping at Choate, Jack headed for Harvard. When his multimillionaire father, Joseph Kennedy, became U.S. Ambassador to Britain, Jack interrupted his junior year to make a grand tour of Europe as a privileged spectator of the beginning of World War II. Graduating *cum laude* from Harvard ('40), he caught the nation's eye with an enlarged version of his thoughtful college thesis, *Why England Slept*. Later, as a Navy lieutenant in the Solomon Islands, he became an authentic war hero, saved the lives of his crewmen after a Japanese destroyer knifed through their PT boat and sank it.

**Political Career.** After the war, Kennedy naturally turned to politics, successfully ran for Congress in 1946. Six years later he cast his net for the Republican Senate seat of Brahmin Henry Cabot Lodge and won, in a stunning reversal of the Eisenhower tide that swept through Massachusetts and the nation. In the Senate, Kennedy has been a thoughtful middle-roader, with a highly independent record and a special interest in labor reform. At the 1956 Democratic Convention he was chosen to make a nominating speech for Adlai Stevenson, then was swirled up in the great attempt to stop Tennessee's Estes Kefauver from getting the vice-presidential nomination, missed getting the nomination himself by a thin 38½ votes. Since his re-election to the Senate by a record Massachusetts vote in 1958, he has waged a tireless, continuous campaign in all 50 states for the Democratic presidential nomination.

**Personality & Philosophy.** His shockheaded youthfulness, his wealth, and his Roman Catholic faith are mixed political blessings in the race where the Democratic bosses yearn for a candidate with no handicaps. Among his assets are an engaging personality, a persuasive and positive speaking talent and a pretty wife, the former Jacqueline Bouvier, daughter of a Manhattan financier; together with Baby Daughter Caroline, the Kennedys have probably filled more picture-magazine space than all other candidates combined. A man of proven courage (his Pulitzer-prize-winning book, *Profiles in Courage*, was written while he was recovering from a painful, near fatal series of operations for a wartime spine injury), Kennedy has waged a forthright and energetic campaign on most issues, has doubled back only on his 1956 Senate vote against high, rigid farm price supports (the vote that lost him much Midwest support in the 1956 vice-presidential race) to embrace supports in this campaign. By poll and by general agreement of the professionals, Kennedy currently leads the field of Democratic hopefuls.

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## CALIFORNIA

### The Word from Pat

One week after the Governor of the most populous state bowed out of the Republican presidential race, the Governor of the second abandoned any pretense that he was seriously running for the Democratic nomination. Said California's Edmund ("Pat") Brown in a West Coast paraphrase of Nelson Rockefeller's withdrawal (TIME, Jan. 4): "To be a candidate for the presidency of the U.S. takes aggressive, active work, and they're not going to take a freshman Governor of California who has been in office a year, unless he does do some of the things that Rockefeller did. All I want to do is to take care of, to the best of my ability, the 15 million-plus people that we have here in this state."

But Democrat Brown did not echo Republican Rockefeller's refusal of a vice-presidential nomination. If the Democratic Convention should select virtually anybody except Roman Catholic Jack Kennedy, then Catholic Californian Brown, with his 81 convention blue chips, might become attractive as the second man on the ticket. And if any of the presidential candidates had ideas of taking those 81 votes away from him in California's June primary, Favorite Son Pat Brown issued a fair warning: "Then I might to some extent change my position . . . But that's the only possible chance there'd be."

## MAINE

### Republican for Democrat

For tradition-loving Maine, Democratic Governor Clinton Amos Clauson lived a notably unorthodox political life. To begin with, he was not a Down-Easter at all; he came east from Iowa as a young man, set up practice as a chiropractor in Waterville, later prospered as a fuel-oil



GOVERNOR REED AT SWEARING-IN  
A man for Maggie.

dealer, and was elected Waterville's mayor in 1936. Then, as a conservative Democrat, he skyrocketed out of comparative obscurity in 1958 to win the Democratic gubernatorial nomination away from the candidate of the Democratic liberals, led by Maine's popular Governor Ed Muskie (now U.S. Senator). Clauson was the first to run for Maine's new four-year (instead of two) term, beat out a Republican who was a heavy favorite.

Last week, a few hours after a hale and hearty appearance at a banquet in Lewiston, Governor Clauson died in his sleep at 64—the fourth Governor to die in office in the state's history. Since the state constitution has no provision for a lieutenant governor, his successor was a Republican, John H. Reed, 38, president of the state senate. Reed was sworn in by Maine's chief justice in a somber evening ceremony in the capitol's Executive Council

cil Chamber. Said Republican Reed of Democrat Clauson: "He was a much beloved man."

Maine's new Governor is a native son, scion of a prosperous potato-farming family in Aroostook County. Boyish-looking John Reed got into politics only five years ago, winning a seat in the state house of representatives on his first try for public office. Last year he won the presidency of the Republican-dominated state senate in a surprise victory over the entrenched Old Guard Republican incumbent. A middle-road Republican, Reed will serve as Governor for only one year unless he decides to run in the November election for the last two years of Clauson's term. Reed is expected to run, and with good prospects of winning.

The sudden switch from Democratic to Republican control in the State House improved the chances that Maine's Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith, only woman in the U.S. Senate, will win re-election next November. Until last week, her Democratic opponent in the Senate race seemed certain to be a two-term Congressman Frank Coffin, 40, a highly effective vote getter. But with a Republican in the Governor's chair, Maine organization Democrats will be pressuring Coffin to run for Governor instead of Senator, leaving Maggie Smith to face some less formidable opponent.

## HISTORICAL NOTES

### Why Are Americans American?

What is there in the U.S. heritage that gives Americans a basic spirit of independence and optimism?

In 1893, youthful (31) Historian Frederick Jackson Turner stirred the American Historical Association with a strikingly original theory. Americans were not simply transplanted Europeans. "The existence of an area of free land," said he, "and the advance of American settlement westward explain American development." The distinctive American character was developed in practical everyday life on the free soil of the frontier. By Turner's reckoning, America's character was set in the historical epoch that ended with the closing of the frontier in the 1880s.

In Chicago last week, before the same scholarly association that Turner excited 66 years ago, Historian C. (for Comer) Vann Woodward of Johns Hopkins University looked beyond free land to another fact of American experience: "Free security." Throughout the nation's history, said Arkansas-born Historian Woodward, the U.S. "has enjoyed a remarkable degree of military security, physical security. This security was not only effective and virtually unchallengeable, but it was free." Two oceans and a protective polar icecap were "nature's gift," enabling the U.S. to maintain security inexpensively.

U.S. geographical good fortune shaped American character, according to Historian Woodward. Just as the frontier bred free men and free institutions, so free security lifted a burden from the nation's back. "Might it not be that the sunnier side of the national disposition—the san-



FRONTIER TOWN ELECTION (CIRCA 1854) BY GEORGE C. BINGHAM  
An American character from the free soil.

guine temperament, the faith in the future, what H. G. Wells once called our "optimistic fatalism"—is related to centuries of habitation to military security that was virtually free?" asked Woodward. "Free security was certainly related to light taxes and a permissive Government, and they in turn had a lot to do with the famous American living standard." Another boon: "Exemption of American youth from a long training in military discipline that was a routine requirement in other nations."

But free security, like free land, is gone forever, gloomed Woodward. And its passing is important. Respectfully, Woodward suggested that Turner's timetable may be 60-odd years early, that the swift arrival of thermonuclear weapons and intercontinental missiles may have closed "an even longer epoch of American history" than the free-land period. "The American outlook has altered and the prospect darkened," said Woodward. "Only the spell of a long past of security could account for the faltering and bewildered way in which America faced its new peril."

## RIVERS

### The Rejuvenated Ohio

In its virgin splendor, the Ohio River aved the French explorer, La Salle, and all who came after him. The French called it *La Belle Rivière*, meaning, as Poet Carl Sandburg explained, "a woman easy to look at." Raft-riding settlers from the colonies called it "Ohio," after the Iroquois word for "thing of beauty."

For a century and a half, while nursing the frontier's commerce and industry, the Ohio continued to be a 981-mile-long showcase of nature's charms. Rising at the confluence of the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers at Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh's "Golden Triangle"), the Ohio wound through coal-rich mountains to reach the seven hills of Cincinnati, cultural center of the new West. Alive with bass and blue gill, it foamed bright white at Louisville's limestone falls, poured clean blue into the Mississippi's brown waters at Cairo (pronounced *care-oh*), in Illinois' Little Egypt.

**Asparagus Upstream.** As a key U.S. waterway, the Ohio thrived: the distinctive old steamboat whistles gave way to the diesel-powered towboats' raucous horns, and each year the towboats nursed some 80 million tons of cargo up through the 46 locks. But as a thing of beauty, the Ohio ran downhill: the sprawling, river-fed cities fed back a byproduct of civilization—raw sewage and industrial wastes—until the great stream became an open sewer. Game fish bellied up and died; riverfront Manhattan Beach, near Bellevue, Ky., was covered with a foul slime; Louisville's water system doused river water so heavily with chemicals that the citizens howled; on its best days, the river gave off the medicinal odor of oil poured out of coke ovens. For decades the river cities and towns complained to each other about the mess coming from upstream, contributed to the mess downstream. Then a determined Cincinnati



pressagent, rushing in where poets refused to paddle, launched a 25-year cleanup drive that is only now beginning to restore the Ohio's purity and beauty.

Indiana-born Pressagent Hudson Biery had always considered the Ohio one of his charity clients. In 1935 he got the backing of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, was made chairman of a committee that set out to sell a cleanup program, shocked regional audiences and newspaper readers with crude, graphic facts. One quart in every gallon of Ohio water was raw sewage, equal to "700 dead horses floating by Cincinnati every day," he said. "We in Cincinnati can always tell when people in Pittsburgh have had asparagus for dinner."

**The New Treatment.** By 1936 Biery & Co. stirred Congress to pass a resolution that enabled eight states (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York and Virginia) to make a united attack. But World War II and other delays prevented them from raising their annual river-policing budget

(now \$130,000 from the states, \$110,000 from the federal government) and going into business until 1948. By then the basin's 17 million residents had few sewage-treatment plants, and 5,000,000 dumped raw sewage directly into the river system.

As the plan got going, Ohio River Valley Water Sanitation Commission Director Edward J. Cleary, ex-editor of an engineering magazine, set up headquarters in Cincinnati. With his tiny staff (now eight) he set out to persuade about 1,000 basin towns and cities to build sewage-treatment plants that cost up to \$150 per capita. Junior chambers of commerce, boy scouts, newspapers and other civic-minded organizations moved behind local bond-issue campaigns. Cincinnati invested \$60 million; Pittsburgh's \$100 million plant opened last year. With smaller cities often taking the lead, the total outlay mounted past \$500 million. Today, treatment plants serve 8,400,000 residents (total basin pop., 20 million), and new plants will soon serve another 900,000. Sole city-sized holdout: Huntington, W. Va. (pop. 95,000), which wants to dawdle with its sewage plant until 1969.

**Retreat from Slime.** Sanitation commissioners, fortified by readings from 44 river-testing stations and airborne inspection teams, also won active cooperation from industry. By last week 80% of the 1,442 plants in the Ohio Valley—among them atomic energy installations scattered from Shippingport, Pa., to Paducah, Ky., and an electric-power plant at Indiana's Clifty Creek, which use more water than all New York City—had established controls on the waste they discharge into the river.

The results of the Ohio cleanup are slow but measurable. Bellevue's Manhattan Beach can already see half a mile of clean sand ready for next summer's swimmers, expects the slime to retreat about 1,000 ft. a year. Boating is booming on the Ohio and its branches as never before—and even water skiers dare to chance it. Sportsmen get occasional bass strikes downriver, take special hope from the Pittsburgh sanitation board's report of the first game fish sightings at the headwaters in decades. The Ohio, river named for its beauty, is becoming itself again.



PRESSAGENT BIERY  
A nose for noisome news.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## RUSSIA

### "Things Are Bad, Very Bad"

Agriculture continues to be the Soviet Union's No. 1 headache. At the time when farm productivity is rising everywhere else in the world, per-acre yields are actually falling in the Soviet Union.

In the season of Sputnik and missile triumphs, the Soviet Union has about five times as many people working on the land as the U.S. does, and producing less. Presiding at a year-end Communist Central Committee meeting on the Soviet farm problem, Premier Nikita Khrushchev acknowledged that the 1959 grain harvest had been disappointing, allowed himself to be angry and sarcastic about it.

**Who Is to Blame?** The 46 million tons of bread grains delivered to the state in 1959, he acknowledged, was down 2,000,-

"A good crop was raised this year in Kazakhstan," said Nikita, "but poor organization lost it. On Nov. 1, 4,000,000 acres planted to grain had not been harvested. The Kazakhs say that some of the grain was flattened by the first snow, and they harvested it afterward. But what sort of harvesting is that? You know how geese pluck grass, especially goslings. A gosling grabs a blade of grass, yanks it out and falls on his backside. That," said Khrushchev amid laughter and applause, "is about how they harvested the grain left under the snow in Kazakhstan."

**The Worst Timing.** Everyone knew that Party Boss Belyaev was not only a member of the Soviet Union's ruling Presidium but an old Khrushchev favorite who was sent to Kazakhstan two years ago to jack things up. Khrushchev mentioned

Khrushchev had figures to show that 32,000 combines were out of whack at harvest time in Kazakhstan. He pointed straight at his protégé and shouted: "I asked you, Comrade Belyaev, what you still needed to assure a timely harvesting. You answered, 'We don't need a thing. The job will be done.'" Said Khrushchev: "If you feel you can't cope, come straight out and say so. We have excellent people for replacements."

Apparently Khrushchev had been angered by the smugness of Belyaev's report, which had elaborated on "achievements," barely mentioned the poor harvest, and concluded with a lavish tribute to "that outstanding fighter for peace, Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev." Since Khrushchev's virgin-lands scheme was based on opening lands considered climatically unsuited to agriculture, Khrushchev could hardly blame the weather too much, had to take it out on his aides.

**The Best Butter.** Apart from the outburst at the virgin-lands leadership, Khrushchev's speech was uncharacteristically subdued, as if he felt overwhelmed by it all and had little now to offer. He spent an unusual amount of time singling out and praising a sizable group of milkmaids, swineherds and tractor drivers who had won a trip to the Moscow meeting as "Heroes of Socialist Labor." Khrushchev reminisced: "In childhood, before I went to the factory, I worked for the landlords as an understudy to a swineherd."

Nowadays, he said disapprovingly, farmers' income "in some areas" tops factory workers' pay, though, "as everyone knows," it is Communist doctrine that "the working class is the leading force in our society." He brushed aside other speakers' schemes for curbing collective farm "millionaires" because such reforms at this time might "cause trouble" for attainment of his cherished seven-year-plan production. Pointing at these goals, Khrushchev was able to quote Soviet and U.S. figures in support of his claim that the Soviet Union now produces more butter per capita than the U.S. (3.8 lbs. to 7.8), and that last year for the first time "the Soviet Union outstripped the U.S. in gross milk production." Western specialists are more inclined to accept Khrushchev's butter figures than his milk figures, which include milk sucked by calves and apparently even milk produced by mares, ewes and she-yaks.

Khrushchev also proclaimed that the Soviet Union would catch up to the U.S. in per-capita meat production by 1963. But this was less a boast than a retreat. This goal was originally supposed to have been achieved last year. The amount of meat the Soviets say they produced in 1959 was about half U.S. output. Furthermore, Kazakhstan's grain failure in 1959 cuts Soviet cattle breeding in 1960, and all but eliminates the chance that the Soviet Union can top last year's claimed gain in meat production.



KHRUSHCHEV GREETING A TRACTOR DRIVER  
While spacemen hit the moon, earthmen fell on their backsides.

Sovfoto

coo tons from the average achieved in the first four years after the opening up of his widely touted eastern virgin lands. It was down a full 20% from the 1958 crop. Drought, explained Khrushchev, had cut deliveries in many areas of European Russia. But more than drought was to blame for the performance in the Asian virgin-lands Republic of Kazakhstan, which only the year before had filled Khrushchev's heart with gratitude by producing more than a third of all grain received by the Soviet state.

By last week, all gratitude had drained from Nikita's heart. Growling that in their reports to the meeting the republic's Party Chie' Nikolai Belyaev and Premier Diniukhamed Kunayev had "lacked the courage to admit their shortcomings," Khrushchev announced bluntly that he would do it for them.

that too, "Friendship is one thing," he said, "but work is another. People say, you are my brother—but truth is my mother. If we do not speak the truth to you here, Comrades Kunaev and Belyaev, they will applaud you in Kazakhstan, and you will tell them there was a meeting of the Central Committee and everything went off fine. Actually, things are bad, very bad."

"Why didn't the grain ripen, dear Comrade Belyaev? I'll tell you. Eighteen thousand of your tractors did not take part in the spring sowing because they had not been repaired in time. And what does that mean, comrades? It means that the sowing was dragged out. When it came time to harvest in Kazakhstan they had barely finished sowing. Why blame the Lord God and say that the grain didn't ripen? Sow in time, and then the Lord will say, you did your part and now I'll do mine."

## POPULATION

### The Numbers Game

[See Cover]

From the doorway of a tumble-down Singapore tenement one morning last week, the wife of a Chinese stevedore watched her five naked children scrambling in the teeming street and prayed that the baby she was soon to bear would be a boy. In a camp for Palestinian refugees outside the Jordanian city of Jericho, Mrs. Shamma Mohammed Sammour complacently accepted congratulations on the birth of her ninth child—a girl whom the Sammours decided to name Sariah, which in Arabic means rich. On his Brazilian ranch, lean, energetic Berlino de Andrade, 67, confided to friends that he had decided to have no more children, but was unworried by the problem of supporting the 36 he had already sired. Said Berlino: "If I can't do anything better for them, I can always raise them as God raises potatoes."

Regardless of faith, color or condition, humans all around the earth last week were busily demonstrating the truth of the proposition that everybody loves a baby. In Washington's Commerce Department Building, a light atop the "U.S. population clock" flashed every eleven seconds to mark the birth of another American. If a "world population clock" existed, it would have been flashing three times a second. Enough little Indians were being born to add the equivalent of another New York City to the world's population every year, and enough little Chinese to add another Canada. As 1960 began, the world's population stood at 2.8 billion; within 40 years, predicted U.N. experts, it would be somewhere between 7 and 7 billion.

Long a hot topic among pundits, whose jargon phrase for it is "the population explosion," the startling 20th century surge in humanity's rate of reproduction may be as fatal to history as the H-bomb and the Sputnik, but it gets less public attention. Today two-thirds of the human race does not get enough to eat. And it is among the hungry peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America that the population explosion is most violent. In 1900 there was one European for every two Asians; by 2000 there will probably be four Asians for every European, and perhaps twice as many Americans living south of the Rio Grande as north of it. If, by then, all that faces the growing masses of what is euphemistically called "the underdeveloped nations" is endless, grinding poverty, their fury may well shake the earth.

**The Doctor's Discovery.** As much as nuclear energy, the population explosion is a product of the Western scientific revolution. In 1798—the year that the Rev. Thomas Malthus "proved" that the earth's capacity to produce food was no match for man's capacity to reproduce—Britain's Dr. Edward Jenner discovered that smallpox could be prevented by vaccination, and thereby opened the road to modern medicine's many techniques of "death control." This knowledge, when



Don Connery

INDIAN CHILDREN IN KALIMPONG

If all they face is grinding poverty, their fury may shake the earth.

transferred from the industrial nations of the West to Latin America, Africa and Asia—where a medical investment of 14¢ a citizen has been known to cut a country's death rate by 50%—sent rates of population increase soaring even when birth rates stayed steady. In Ceylon after World War II, the spraying of once malarial areas with DDT produced a 35% population increase (from 6.8 million to 9.1 million) within little more than a decade.

Almost everywhere outside Northern Europe and North America, the apparent consequences of death control are apt to be appalling. In Palermo, 62-year-old Gaetano di Fazio and his wife share their verminous four-room flat (which has neither water nor heat) with 13 children and grandchildren, five of whom sleep in a single bed. In Kerala, on India's southwest coast, 2,000,000 of a total population of 15 million are unemployed. In Egypt, where 25 million people now live on little more cultivated land than 10 million lived on in 1900, per capita income has steadily declined. Said a 50-year-old fellah from the Nile delta recently: "When I was a boy, the people of our village regularly ate meat once a week on market day, and we often ate eggs. Today we must live on corn and beans."

Even in the prosperous nations of the West, the population explosion has created planning problems that the politicians and public alike often prefer to ignore. In Paris, Rome, London and Manhattan, traffic engineers have all but admitted defeat against ever increasing swarms of cars. In California, statisticians estimate that Los Angeles County alone ought to spend \$7.5 billion on new and improved roads and build at least 775 new 18-room elementary schools between now and 1970.

**Men & Formulas.** As the world's people have multiplied, so have warnings of disaster. Social scientists argue that poorer nations, with populations increasing as

fast as or faster than their agricultural and industrial production, are condemning themselves to perennial and deepening poverty. Physical scientists, such as U.S. Naturalist Fairfield Osborn, author of *Our Plundered Planet*, say that mankind is spending the earth's resources at a drunken-sailor rate, will ultimately denude the earth of its minerals and destroy its capacity to produce food.

Convinced—or at least shaken—by those warnings, increasing numbers of experts and nonexperts argue that death control must be offset by birth control. In July 1959, a presidential committee to study U.S. foreign aid, headed by Major General William Draper, implicitly recommended that the U.S. should help poorer nations set up birth control programs, and by year's end, virtually every would-be U.S. presidential candidate had felt obliged to take a stand against Government sponsorship of contraception abroad (TIME, Dec. 7 *et seq.*). With or without birth control programs, says Sir Charles Darwin, grandson of the author of the theory of evolution, humanity is going to breed itself into chaos, and if the present increase rate continues, the time will come when there will be "standing room only" signs all over the earth.

But the only safe generalization about long-range population predictions is that they have always proved wrong. When Malthus foresaw mass starvation in Europe unless its people stopped breeding, he failed to reckon with the industrial revolution and the agricultural potential of the Americas. Latter-day players of the Malthusian numbers game, who foresee global economic ruin in one, two or six centuries, usually fail to reckon sufficiently on the unknowable potentialities of science and the unpredictable turn of events. Says the United Nations Department of Economic and Social Affairs: "With the present rate of increase, it can be calculated that in 600 years the number of human beings on earth will be such that

there will be only one square meter for each to live on. It goes without saying that this can never take place; something will happen to prevent it."

**Sunlight & Sea Water.** Today, as in Malthus' time, the world has vast amounts of empty space left—particularly in Australia, Africa and Latin America (where the rate of population growth is even higher than in Asia). Brazil's vast Amazon basin, amounting to nearly one-twentieth of the land surface of the earth, is still virgin soil. In Ethiopia alone, more than 180 million of the world's most fertile acres lie fallow. Even in crowded Asia, great tracts of potentially arable land, such as the Philippine island of Mindanao and the central highlands of South Viet Nam, remain uncultivated. Meanwhile, the U.S., surfeited with food, has put 22.5 million acres of once productive land into its soil bank.

But without opening up any new land, the world's food production could be vastly increased. In 1959, India spent over \$300 million on food imports and resigned itself to importing 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 tons of grain a year for the "next several years." Yet there is no technological reason why India could not triple her grain production by matching Japanese crop yield per acre. The difference between Indian and Japanese agricultural productivity lies in the Japanese farmer's use of insecticides, better seed, and vastly more chemical fertilizer. If all the world employed its potentially arable land as effectively as do Holland's skilled farmers, British Economist Colin Clark estimates that present agricultural techniques would support 28 billion people (ten times the present world population) at a European level of diet.

"The basic raw materials for the industries of the future," says Caltech's Geologist Harrison Brown, "will be sea water, air, ordinary rock, sedimentary deposits of limestone and phosphate, rock, and sunlight. All the ingredients essential to a highly industrialized society are present in the combination of those substances." The dwindling of usable supplies of fresh water is being matched by steady progress toward a cheap method of desalinating sea water; nuclear energy has dispelled the neo-Malthusians' favorite bogeyman of exhausted coal and oil deposits; and should the earth's supply of uranium ever be used up, men could turn to solar energy—which is already used in Japan to operate 200,000 water heaters.

**In the Pincers.** But though the whole world is capable of multiplying without disaster, individual nations—and individual families—find plenty to worry about. "If our population continues to increase as rapidly as it is doing," sighed Pakistan's Soldier-President Ayub Khan recently, "we will soon have nothing to eat and will all become cannibals." In tiny Formosa, where a population of 10,000,000 is increasing by about 1,000 per day, former Peking University Chancellor Chiang Monlin warns: "Here it is like someone breathing into a small paper bag; something will burst." Complains India's Nehru: "You cannot rest. The population is increasing. They want more food, more clothing, more houses, more education—and more."

Implicit in Nehru's plaint is the central fact about the population explosion: as a rule, "overpopulation" is simply a way of talking about too many poor people. Poverty-stricken India's rate of population growth—an estimated 2% a year—is little higher than that of the prosperous U.S. (1.8%). Even in those poorer nations where natural increase rates (births minus deaths) run a whopping 3% a year, people are generally eating better than ever before in their history. But as part of what is often called the worldwide "revolution of expectations," they are demanding to eat—and live—still better.

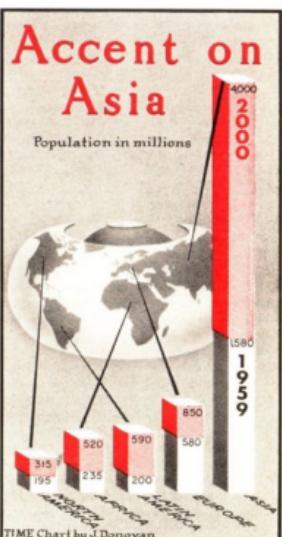
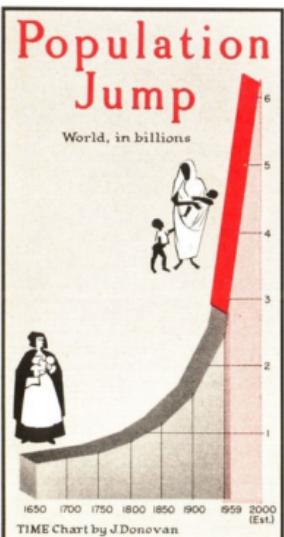
The political consequences of the revolution of expectations, and the increasing numerical preponderance of Asians, Africans and Latin Americans, inspire much of the nervous U.S. and European punditry about overpopulation. Already, the argument goes, the Afro-Asian nations in the U.N. (about to be bolstered further by newly created African states) form a political bloc outweighing the West; in time, unless pacified with rapid economic help, they are apt to turn more violently against the West. "Europe," says an Italian economist, "will soon be between black and yellow pincers, and that will be the end of us." France's Charles de Gaulle is convinced that Russia will one day be driven into the arms of the West by the expansion of "the yellow multitude that is China."

All this has the Sunday supplement flavor of William Randolph Hearst's obsession with "the yellow peril." Peking and Moscow may well fall out one day—but probably not over geography. The

peoples of Latin America, the Middle East, Asia and Africa have so far been too busy squabbling among themselves to gang up on anybody else. And in an H-bomb world, large population is no longer everything in military terms.

The altruism of those Westerners who want Asians to practice birth control is not always conceded. They are greeted with suspicion and hostility when they say they want to protect the health of mothers and give children a better start in life (though Asian peasant women who already have three or four children often covertly seek out ways to prevent further pregnancies). In Indonesia a few years ago, a woman doctor who tried to propagandize for contraception was charged by the press with trying to reimpose Western imperialism by the roundabout means of limiting Indonesia's population. In Jamaica the city wall of Kingston still bears the bitter scrawl: BIRTH CONTROL—A PLAN TO KILL NEGROES.

**Words v. Deeds.** So far, birth control campaigns, even when given government support (as in India), have had a hard time of it. Birth control advocates and research scientists look ahead to "the pill"—the still-undiscovered oral contraceptive cheap enough to suit the pocketbooks of impoverished Latinos, Asians and Africans and simple enough to be understood by all. Resistance to the idea of birth control is often a complex of emotional, moral, philosophical and economic attitudes. In Latin America, the Philippines, South Viet Nam and Ceylon, the Roman Catholic prohibition of contraception is felt. India still echoes to the sexual dictum of Gandhi that "union is a crime when desire for progeny is absent." In Pakistan the standard male reaction to birth con-



trol is "a man must have children or he is not a man"; throughout the Moslem world, there is the belief that children are "a gift of Allah"; and in many places, a barren woman is an object of pity. In lands where death comes early and often, those who wish extra hands in the fields fear to have few children. In rural Ceylon, people look upon large families as the first step to political influence; so, on an international scale, do ambitious leaders of small states—such as Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah.

Red China, whose population is variously estimated to be anywhere from 580 million to 680 million, has had a curiously confused attitude toward bigness—alternating between a desire for manpower and a concern for so many mouths to feed. Early in 1956, Peking turned on a birth control campaign that plowed everything from up-to-date devices to the favorite oral contraceptive of Chinese herbalists: live tadpoles. But in 1958, Red China's bosses quietly dropped birth control, now preach the gospel according to Karl Marx: an increase in population is always an increase in capital.

Reproduction seems to be one field where private enterprise always triumphs. Historically, governments and churches have had remarkably little success in influencing breeding habits. In most Western countries, the difference between Roman Catholic and Protestant birth rates is slight or nonexistent. In Fascist Italy, all the martial exhortations of *Il Duce* failed to persuade Italians to increase the size of their families. And in India, where Nehru boasts "there is more official talk and action on birth control than in any other country," government planners recently conceded that they had been a mere 46 million low in their original estimate of India's population by 1966.

Population experts still have no real idea what makes people decide to have more or fewer babies. The 19th century fall in the French birth rate is generally attributed to a Napoleonic law that required division of a man's land among his heirs and hence prompted French peasants to have fewer heirs; yet in Indonesia, where a similar law exists, the population goes on growing. Both in Japan, where doctors performed a million legal abortions last year, and in Puerto Rico, where women have become so enthusiastic about sterilization that it is known simply as "*la operación*," the slowdown in population increase is often attributed to a rising level of education and economic well-being. But to the confusion of the experts came the unforeseen baby boom in the postwar U.S.—at a time when education and incomes were at an alltime high. The boom shows no sign of abating.

**Beaten by Baboons.** If not by birth control, how are the poor nations to cope with the millions who lack enough food or adequate housing? The familiar answer used to be emigration. The 50,000 Puerto Ricans who migrate to the U.S. each year have helped to ease the strain on Puerto Rico's economy, and the 400,000 Algerians working in France contribute heavily to the meager living standards of the people



BRAZIL'S BERLINO DE ANDRADE (FATHER OF 36) WITH PART OF HIS FAMILY  
A field where private enterprise triumphs.

Mozart

back home. But racial barriers exclude a mass movement out of Asia. Besides, to keep Asia's population stable would require the emigration of 25 million people a year.

In nations whose population is badly distributed, internal migration is a possibility. In the lush valleys of eastern Bolivia, labor is so scarce that soldiers have to be called in to harvest the sugar crop; yet one-third of Bolivia's population continues to live in the Andes, scratching a barely human existence out of dwindling tin deposits. In Indonesia, three-quarters of the nation's close to 90 million people live in cheek-by-jowl squalor on the island of Java, while most of neighboring Sumatra is left in jungle. But habit and human contrariness being what it is, few Javanese will even consider moving to fertile Sumatra. And in Uganda, tribesmen from the overpopulated hills, hopefully resettled in the lowlands by the government, frequently trek back home after their new fields are raided by elephants or baboons.

**The Labor Thieves.** In nations with a high technology, there is literal truth in Ben Franklin's dictum: "We can never have too many People (nor too much Money)." In the 15 years since V-E day, West Germany has absorbed 12.8 million refugees from East Germany and Eastern Europe; yet thanks to soaring living standards and industrial production, West German employers today are so desperate for labor that they are reduced to stealing it from each other. In the U.S., most economists cite the baby boom as one of their reasons for business optimism: in the short run, the 4,400,000 infants to be born during 1960 mean \$3 billion more in the till for manufacturers of baby food, clothing, furniture, toys, and accessories.

For industrialized nations, the danger is not in overpopulation but in underpopulation. Soviet Russia, where the government awards the Order of Maternal Glory to mothers of seven or more children, had to scrap its last five-year plan

partly because of labor shortages.<sup>8</sup> Presumably, Russia's own manpower shortage and the proximity of all those Chinese is what Khrushchev had in mind five years ago, when he declared: "If another 100 million were added to our 200 million, even that would not be enough."

In similar spirit, Australia, which 30 years ago was a continent-sized Sleepy Hollow, has admitted 1.4 million new European settlers since World War II. The result: in the past decade, Australian gross national product has soared from \$4.9 billion to \$13 billion.

In theory, there is no reason why nearly all the underdeveloped nations should not ultimately achieve a level of technology that will enable them to satisfy their own revolution of expectations. "Man," notes Indian Finance Minister Morarji Desai, "has always had the ability to produce more food than he needs." Lack of mineral resources, often cited as an insurmountable barrier to the industrialization of many Asian nations, did not prevent the industrialization of Japan. Modernization is an intricate process, involving a balance between agricultural, technological and industrial growth. But given intelligent economic and political management and injections of Western aid, most—though not all—Asian, African and Latin American nations ought to be able to turn the trick.

**The Upper Limit.** For men like Sir Charles Darwin, who predicts that 20th century man's descendants will look back to this as "the golden age of earth," any suggestion that the population explosion can end in anything other than global misery is pure Micawberism—feckless reliance on the belief that "some-

<sup>8</sup> Russia's 1959 census, which reported a population of almost 209 million (v. a pre-1956 claim of 220 million), seemed to confirm what Western experts had long suspected: for the first decade after World War II, Stalin deliberately sought to conceal from the West how badly wartime casualties (between 15 million and 20 million) had cut into Russian manpower.

thing will turn up." In fact, even Darwin's stoutest opponents mostly agree with German Expert Winfried Bölls who argues: "We have no time to lose. If we are unable to master the economic and sociological challenge which confronts us, we will be heading for catastrophe." The fundamental difference of opinion over the population explosion is between those who have confidence in man's ability to go on mastering his environment and those who do not.

In 1955, during a Princeton seminar on "Limits of Earth," the University of Michigan's Professor Kenneth Boulding summarized the argument:

#### *A Conservationist's Lament*

*The world is finite, resources are scarce,*

*Things are bad and will be worse . . .*

*Fire will rage with Man to fan it,*

*Soon we'll have a plundered planet.*

*People breed like fertile rabbits,*

*People have disgusting habits . . .*

#### *The Technologist's Reply*

*Man's potential is quite terrific,*

*You can't go back to the Neolithic.*

*The cream is there for us to skim it,*

*Knowledge is power and the sky's the limit . . .*

For the world's pessimists, there should be food for thought in the fact that in the four years since Dr. Boulding wrote, even the sky has ceased to be the limit for man. But on earth, the continuing problem of population will demand the skill of science, the wisdom of government, the good will of all men. Population, as much as anything else, will determine the direction history takes.

## KENYA

### For Men Who Have Everything

For the jaded, well-heeled tourist who has been everywhere, Kenya has something new in jungle sumptuousness. When his jet plane touches down in Nairobi, he is met by a brace of Rolls-Royces with zebra-skin upholstery. The cars whisk 125 miles north across Kikuya country and draw up before the lush green lawns of the Mount Kenya Safari Club. Stretching away to either side are bamboo forests where roam the elephant and rhinoceros. Above towers snow-clad Mount Kenya, soaring 17,040 ft. into the equatorial sky. At sunset, guests are thrilled by the throb of tribal drums in the gloaming. (Since natives were lacking on the 95 acres of grounds in the "white" highlands of Kenya, the club owners imported a band of Wakamba drummers from 200 miles away, installed them in a specially-built, rent-free, mud-and-thatch village, and placed stern instructions on the village bulletin board that drums must be throbbed daily at sundown.)

**Hedges of Spears.** The 60-room club-house, formerly the British-owned Mawingo Hotel, overlooks a heated, kidney-shaped swimming pool and some of the most magnificent scenery in Africa. There are Turkish baths, massage parlors, hair-dressing salons, and big freezing rooms

in case anyone leaves the amenities long enough to shoot a buck or gazelle. Inside, the club is alive with jungle plants and palm trees; the entrance to the bars and wine vaults are framed by hedges of African spears. Each room has its own bath and fireplace. A special club airplane is provided for anyone in a hurry, and a stretch of the Kenya coast will be bought for big game fishing.

The owners of this lavish jungle hostelry are Hollywood Actor William Holden, Swiss Industrialist Carl Hirschmann and a jaunty U.S. oil millionaire and gambler named Ray Ryan. The three claim to have sunk a million dollars into improving the once staid Mawingo, which Ryan bought on a whim over a few drinks. As the

Ryan has stirred more publicity for East Africa in six months than the government has in 20 years. Asked if he expects to turn a profit on his investment, Entrepreneur Ryan turns magically into Philanthropist Ryan, insists that any profit will be used to inaugurate a program to preserve East Africa as the most important wild animal stronghold known to man, "or something like that."

## GREAT BRITAIN

### For Services Rendered

Queen Elizabeth II was pleased to bestow her royal blessings on some 2,000 of her subjects. Among those cited on the New Year Honors List: Actor John Mills, 51, and Poet John Betjeman, 53, both made Commanders of the British Empire; Actor Stanley Holloway, 62, the cockney "Get me to the church on time" of *My Fair Lady* fame, who becomes an officer in the Order of the British Empire; and Australian-born Actress Judith Anderson, 61, a U.S. resident for 42 years, who becomes a Dame Commander. Alan Lennox-Boyd, 55, the Tory's beleaguered former Colonial Secretary, was made a Companion of Honor, and Hugh Dalton, former Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer, was given a life peerage. Of special interest to the U.S.: Sir Roger Makins, from 1953 to 1956 Ambassador in Washington (Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath), and Major Cyril Berkeley Ormerod, 62, sometime professional officer, since 1945 the amiable and able director of public relations in Manhattan's British Information Services. Henceforth, Major Bill Ormerod will be Sir Berkeley.

### The Man on Bus No. 8

"Gorblimey, mate," exclaimed the homeward-bound worker when he spotted the young man slumped against the wall at the Lee Bank Road bus stop in Birmingham. "What have you been up to?" It was just 7:45 p.m. two days before Christmas; but despite the young man's filthy clothes and his rumpled blond hair, he was clearly not drunk. "I've had a fall," he explained in a clear voice. "I'll be all right as soon as I get on the bus."

Two or three minutes later, the young man boarded No. 8 bus, a cream and blue double-decker carrying at least 50 people. He was about 5 ft. 9 in., was in his early twenties, and was wearing a brown, hip-length duffel coat. Dazed, he said nothing when the conductor asked him his destination, silently handed over sixpence and climbed to the upper deck. At one point he was seen talking to two other men. Somewhere in the slummy Ladywood district, all three got off. Bus No. 8 went on its way—even though the man's coat and the hand that held the sixpence were both soaked with blood.

**A City of Terror.** Last week the young man was the object of a nationwide manhunt. Short minutes before Bus No. 8 took on its mysterious passenger, one of the goriest crimes had been committed since the days of Jack the Ripper. Creeping into the Y.W.C.A. near the Lee Bank Road bus stop, a killer had broken into



ENTREPRENEURS RYAN & HOLDEN  
Tribal drums throb on cue.

Mount Kenya Safari Club quietly opened last week, Ryan was insisting that each member could be completely certain that every other member was a "gentleman." Initiation fees are \$500 for Americans (\$50 shillings for Britons because they are "poorer"), plus a yearly subscription of \$60. Current membership includes Sir Winston Churchill, Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands, and the ninth Earl of Portsmouth; U.S. Congressional Leaders Lyndon Johnson, Everett M. Dirksen and John McCormack, and a clutch of film notables ranging from Clark Gable and John Wayne to Joan Crawford and Walt Disney. There are also a lot of nameless people with money who, as Gable put it, "are so far down the list they seem to have got in just to do the cleaning."

**Possibly Profitable.** Gambler Ryan, who also owns the Salton Sea Yacht Club and the Bermuda Dunes Club in Palm Springs, says that Americans are tired of Miami Beach and will "go nuts" about the Africa he has discovered for them. Admiring Kenyans say that Go-getter

the room of fresh-faced Stephanie Baird, 29, an unemployed typist who was packing for a Christmas trip to Scotland. He seized one of Stephanie's blunt table knives, hacked and ripped her body, and ended the sadistic orgy, which police claim must have lasted at least 45 minutes, by cutting off her head. He escaped by the window, but for some reason decided to go back into the dun-colored, Victorian building. In a utility room he came upon 21-year-old Margaret Brown, ironing some clothes, swung at her with a bagful of stones. When Margaret screamed, he fled.

With the killer at large, Birmingham quickly became "Terror City" to London's flashy press. The Aston Villa soccer team canceled an out-of-town match because the wives of the members would not be left alone. Nurses on the night shift in all local hospitals were escorted to and from work in special buses, and movie ushers ganged together rather than walk home alone. But the brutality of the murder was not the only thing that shocked Britain last week. The other was the strange behavior of the passengers on Bus No. 8.

**A Load of Shame.** "It is INCREDIBLE!" cried the London *Daily Mirror*, that not a single person riding on that bus had reported to police the presence of a bloodstained man. Even worse, after the story of the murder appeared in the papers, and the Birmingham C.I.D.'s Chief Superintendent James Haughton made a direct appeal to the passengers ("This bus is vital") that was repeated over radio, on TV, and even flashed on the screens of movie houses, no one came forward. Haughton canceled the Christmas leaves of all his 120 detectives and police, set up loudspeakers at football matches to plead for help, assigned some men to ride all No. 8 buses for any information they might pick up. By Sunday, four days after the murder, police had heard from only one passenger. "A bus-load of shame!" cried the *Daily Herald*.

Gradually, a few other passengers were heard from, but they insisted they had not even seen the bloodstained young man. In spite of offers of nearly \$17,000 in rewards, and assurances that their anonymity would be protected, the four vital witnesses—the two men seen talking to the stranger, and a man and a boy who had refused to occupy the bloody seat the stranger had just vacated and would be able to say when he got off the bus—still kept silent. What was the reason? Some papers said fear. Others noted that the bus was filled with passengers from Birmingham's rough-and-tumble *tenderloin*, Balsall Heath, whose residents are not friendly to cops. Others put it down to the I'm-All-Right-Jack mentality of what the London *Daily Express* called "the never-had-it-so-good citizenry, stupefied with comfort" and forever asking "What's in it for me?" Said desperate Superintendent Haughton: "The man who committed this dreadful crime is obviously a pathological sadist who could strike again."

## THE NETHERLANDS

### The Girls from De Wallerjes

In front of the 14th century Old Church in Amsterdam lies a half-mile-square district of gabled houses, narrow streets and tree-shaded canals known as De Wallerjes (little walls). An evening stroller, glancing into ground-floor rooms, sees what appears to be a succession of genre pictures by Vermeer: in each, a glowing, red-shaded lamp throws its light on one or two girls sitting by the window, staring blankly at the street. Their skirts are invariably hiked above their knees; their transparent blouses are pulled low. Occasionally a girl will indolently stretch out her leg, or touch her hair with a slow, formalized gesture. By law, Dutch prostitutes are forbidden to ply their trade on

life in De Wallerjes during the trial of Joop Scheide, a pimp who was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for killing a harlot called Lean Jossie. Scheide explained that he had only meant to give the girl a good beating because she had earned less than \$20 in one night's work.

**Roundup.** During Christmas week, police and plainclothesmen swarmed into De Wallerjes and rounded up a collection of pimps with such names as Fat Rinus, Piglet and Harry the Greyhound, and madams like Mad Margareta, 58, who employs 30 girls in one house bordering a canal and owns five other brothels. "She is the capitalist of the district," said the police. The pimps and madams were accused of accepting *happen* money (*hip* is Dutch slang for whore).

As other brothel owners warily shut



NIGHT SCENE IN AMSTERDAM RED LIGHT DISTRICT  
"They simply need us."

Henk Jonker

the streets, but there is nothing the police can do to prevent a woman's sitting at her window in De Wallerjes.

**Lowered Rope.** On the floors above live the pimps and madams who control the lives and collect the earnings of the 500 De Wallerjes whores. The estimate of daily customers ranges from 7,000 to 10,000. Very often the instant a client has left the stuffy, overheated ground-floor room, the pimp will lower a rope to which the prostitute must fasten the money she has earned. One madam, named Aunt Miep, would get outraged if she heard a girl wasting time talking to a client, and would stamp her crippled leg on the floor and scream: "Get to work!"

The longtime indifference of staid Dutchmen to one of Europe's worst red-light districts has recently been shaken by a series of brutal murders. On New Year's Eve, 1957, Chinese Annie was strangled, and her killer escaped; in 1958 a drunken Norwegian sailor threw Finnish Hennie out of a window. Early last month Amsterdammers heard unsavory details of

down to avoid arrest, the girls drifted off to their homes in the suburbs, where few of their neighbors know what work they do in De Wallerjes. Shrugged one: "They will never get rid of us," and another added the dark threat always heard at such times: "Women will be attacked on the street by our former clients. They simply need us." The public prosecutor insisted that he was closing down Amsterdam's greatest unadvertised tourist attraction for good. But Dutch cynics recalled three other civic attempts to clean up De Wallerjes in the past 50 years. The girls always came back.

## GREECE

### The Priest

Sunday after Sunday, in the whitewashed Greek Orthodox churches of the neighboring villages, priests delivered a warning—beware of those who would corrupt the church. But in tiny (pop. 220) Kyprianades, in the northern part of the sun-drenched Greek island of Corfu, Fa-

ther John Costefatos, 45, kept silent. There was little need for him to talk: everyone in town knew that he and his affair with the 37-year-old Widow Theodora Pria had prompted all the other sermons in the first place. And so, one day, when his church bell rang for the congregation to gather, the people of Kyprianades wondered whether Father John might at last be ready to make public confession of his sin.

When they were settled, the priest appeared before them, tears streaming down his cheeks. Not only did he confess to the affair, but admitted that Theodora had borne him an infant daughter. Then, white-faced, he went on to describe how he had tried to strangle "the fruit of my sin" with his own hands. When the strength drained out of his hands, he had seized the belt of Theodora's cotton dress and wrapped it around the baby's neck until life was extinct. As Father John finished his tale and stumbled toward the door, his stunned congregation kept silent.

The priest disappeared inside his two-story house, and soon a crowd gathered around it. Finally, a window flew open, and there stood Father John clasping a small bottle in his hand. "Take it!" he cried, flinging it down. "Now you can laugh. Now you can gossip. I do not care any more. I have taken poison and am dying." When they got to him, he was already unconscious, and shortly he died.

In the eyes of the church he had committed his third sin, and the church refused to bury him. The people of Kyprianades went further: they shaved off his beard just as if he were alive and had been unfrocked.

## WEST GERMANY

### Ugly Reminders

It takes only a few delinquents with paintbrushes to create a series of anti-Semitic incidents. What matters, particularly in Germany these days, is how the rest of their countrymen feel about it.

Of the half million Jews who lived in Germany before the Nazis opened up concentration camps and crematoriums, a mere 30,000 remain among the 55 million West Germans today. They have no major influence in commerce or industry, are widely scattered and generally of advanced age.

On Christmas Eve in Cologne, hoodlums smeared swastikas and the words "Jews Out" on a new synagogue that Chancellor Konrad Adenauer had helped dedicate three months earlier. They daubed pains on a monument to Jewish victims of Hitler. This was just the beginning, but it quickly inspired imitators.<sup>9</sup> In the Hessian town of Seligenstadt, an 85-year-old Jew received a letter threatening him with crucifixion. Vandals scrawled "Death to the Jews" in red paint on park benches in Braunschweig, and in Rheydt



Associated Press

NEO-NAZI UNDER ARREST  
Merely a few kids with paintbrushes?

the word "Swine" was scratched on a Jew's shopwindow. In the Ruhr, and to the north near Hamburg, swastikas and "Heil Hitlers" appeared on walls.

Two young rowdies, both members of the tiny neo-Nazi German Reich Party, admitted desecrating the Cologne synagogue. "All decent Germans join me in condemning this atrocious act," Chancellor Adenauer wired Cologne Rabbi Zwi Asaria. A week later, without offering up any proof, the government said it was a "planned action designed to discredit the Federal Republic in the eyes of the world" and hinted that not cranks or crackpots but Communists were responsible.

Newspapers spoke of the nation's "rage and shame" and demanded swift police action; the Minister of Interior hinted that he might ban the German Reich Party (whose former Nazi leaders professed innocence). But the Socialist *Neue Rhein Zeitung* of Cologne complained that "all these telegrams and expressions of regret . . . seem to be prompted by the concern over the Cologne disgrace abroad." In a radio speech, President Heinrich Lübbe blamed all Germans for an "overestimation of material achievement as opposed to intellectual, spiritual and moral values," and noted the continued prevalence in Germany of "arrogance, self-satisfaction and feelings of superiority."

Cologne's Rabbi Zwi Asaria did not think enough was being done. Said he: "All those who held high positions under the Nazi regime and are still sitting in government offices should be ousted. German schoolteachers should tell their pupils what the Nazis did, instead of passing over the Hitler era in silence. We do not blame the whole German nation for acts committed by a few hoodlums, but we are worried about the future. Right now, Germany is well off, but what will happen when more difficult times come? They will again hold the Jews responsible."

<sup>9</sup> Including some in Vienna, Paris, London, Oslo, West Hartford, Conn., and Manhattan (where a black swastika was smeared across fashionable Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue).

## CAMEROON

### Another New Flag

The first of Africa's six new nations to get its independence in 1960 celebrated its beginnings last week with half the country in a state of emergency.

On the morning of the first day of independence, terrorists killed five people in the capital of Yaoundé, and the foreign dignitaries who streamed in by air at Douala the day before could see the ruins of the control tower ransacked by another insurgent gang. In six months of struggle 22 whites have died—more than were killed in a similar period during the Mau Mau war in Kenya—and 500 or more Africans.

Responsible for most of the slaughter are the exiled leaders of a dissident political party banned in 1955, who are working to undermine 35-year-old Premier Ahmadou Ahidjo's fledgling government. The party is led by Dr. Félix-Roland Moumié, who has been issuing Czech pistols to Bamileké tribesmen. Just back from Moscow, Moumié operates from his refuge in nearby nearly independent Guinea. His followers hide in the hills or attack from across the border in the neighboring British Cameroons.

Hoping to compel new elections before independence, Moumié set out to terrify the population by setting whole villages afire. Last month terrorists decapitated two Catholic missionaries, carrying the heads off into the jungle as trophies. Premier Ahidjo sought to win Moumié's supporters away by amnesty offers. So far, 1,000 members have surrendered but the remaining hard core will be hard to flush out of the dense jungle. With the help of the French, who will remain as advisers at least until mid-1960, Ahidjo is drafting a new constitution and promises new elections in March. But he stubbornly refuses to lift the ban against Moumié's party.

As Cameroon's new green, yellow and red flag fluttered proudly on poles that had carried the French Tricolor for 40 years, thousands gathered before the Legislative Assembly building at midnight to greet independence day with cheers. Later that morning Premier Ahidjo proudly assembled his distinguished guests for the formal ceremony pronouncing independence. The foreigners, who included U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld and the U.S.'s Henry Cabot Lodge, all had words of good wishes, and one, First Deputy Premier Frol Kozlov of the U.S.S.R., was happy to bring news that Moscow would promptly recognize the new nation.

## BELGIAN CONGO

### Freedom Yes, Civilization Maybe

Everywhere young King Baudouin went on his flying inspection trip through the major towns of the Congo last week, he heard the insistent cries of nationalist leaders for Congolese independence. But from the dark interior of the Kasai province came ominous notice that, once Belgian control ends, the self-rule everyone

# The famous French soup you can serve hot or cold

*Now stay-at-homes  
can enjoy an authentic  
continental favorite for  
only about 8¢ a serving*



Even though historians differ on the origin of potato soup, they agree on one thing: the history of this aristocratic dish is as intriguing as its flavor.

According to one story, Louis XIV's potato soup was tasted by so many tasters that it often arrived almost cold. One hot summer day, after an unusually long wait, the King found this cooled-down soup so refreshing he sent it back to be cooled even more . . . and Crème Vichysoise was born.

Now, whether you like it hot and hearty or whipped into smooth vichysoise, you can enjoy this internationally famous soup for pennies, thanks to Campbell's skill and freezing.

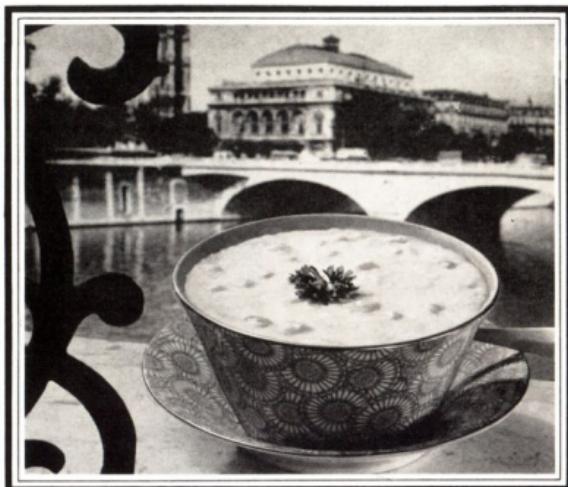
## Slow Start—Fast Finish

We begin with specially selected white potatoes. These are diced and cooked slowly until tender. Fresh milk, cream, butter, bits of onion, and special seasonings are added, and the soup simmers until the potatoes are delicately flavored with all ingredients.

Then, quick as you can trim away a potato's eye, Campbell's freezes it. For this is the only way its delicate flavor can be preserved for your table.



Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef  
Cream of Potato • Cream of Shrimp  
Clam Chowder (New England Style)  
Green Pea with Ham • Oyster Stew



*Cream of Potato Soup*, frozen fresh from Campbell's Kitchens to bring you the flavor that has made this elegant soup a world favorite.

## Family-Table Price

People who order soup like this in a fine French restaurant willingly pay \$1 or more. You can have it every bit as good right at home, for only about 8¢ a serving. Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup . . . look in your grocer's freezer for the red and white can.



**Potato Tuna Chowder.** In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup and 1½ cups milk. Cover. Heat slowly until soup is thawed. Add 1 can (7 oz.) tuna, drained and flaked; ½ cup shredded carrot; 2 t. cap. lemon juice. Simmer 2 to 3 min. Makes 3 servings.



**Crème Vichysoise.** In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup and 1½ cups milk. Cover. Heat slowly until soup is thawed. Beat until smooth with an electric blender or rotary beater. Blend in ½ cup sour cream. Chill at least 4 hours. Thin with cold milk if desired. Serve in chilled bowls. Makes 3 servings.

# CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN by *Campbell's*

seemed to want will bring with it bar-  
barism and strife.

In a running civil war of spears and poi-  
son arrows between the Balubas and the  
Lulus, more than 60 were killed. Once the  
Balubas had been serfs of the ruling Lu-  
lus. But now, being more numerous, they  
stood to emerge as the leaders of the pro-  
visional government in Luluabour. En-  
raged, King Kalamba of the proud Lu-  
lus ordered the Balubas to pack up and leave the region. When they refused, the  
Lulus attacked, screaming, "Benyi baye  
kuo" (Strangers go home).

Belgian officials were hard pressed to  
stop the fighting. For one thing, they were  
already busy with another kind of sav-  
agery among the nearby Bushongo tribes-  
men. Now that there was talk of inde-  
pendence, the Bushongos were reviving  
the forbidden ritual custom of *tschipapa*,  
or trial by poison. *Tschipapa*, the tradi-  
tional Bushongo method of dealing with  
witches, is a deadly kind of liquid roulette  
in which entire villages line up to drink  
from cups carefully arranged to bring  
death to those infected with evil spirits.  
It was outlawed by the Belgians 40 years  
ago, but the local *miskeke*, or tribal poi-  
son mixer, remains a man of high honor  
and awesome power. In recent weeks, since  
the revival of *tschipapa* trials, 241 witches  
have been poisoned to death, reported  
New York Times Correspondent Homer  
Bigart.

**Four Drinks.** When a Bushongo family  
is beset by unusual hardship—perhaps a  
sick child, or bad crops—the head of the  
family calls in a diviner who, clutching  
the patient's hand, calls off the names of  
possible witches who might be responsible  
for the curse. If at the mention of a name  
the family head jerks his head, the diviner  
has a suspect. The local *miskeke* then pro-  
duces a poison from the powdered bark  
of the *ihumi* tree and, gathering all the  
villagers to drink, spikes the suspect's cup  
with his lethal potion. After four drinks,  
the suspected witch must walk or run  
through the village, to spread the poison  
through his body. If the victim vomits the  
poison and does not die, he is declared in-  
nocent of the charges; if not, his body is  
left on a small platform of reeds outside  
the village for a day, and then cremated  
in a gasoline-soaked shroud suspended  
between trees, while the rest of the village  
watches from a respectful distance.

Sometimes Belgian police, arriving im-  
mediately after a poison trial, have ad-  
ministered emetics and saved the lives of  
suspected witches, but this merely means  
the defendant must undergo another trial  
later. Most victims, anxious to prove their  
innocence, undergo *tschipapa* willingly, re-  
ported Correspondent Bigart, and are re-  
luctant to help the Belgians prosecute the  
sorcerers.

The local ruler, 70-year-old King Lukengu,  
who has more than 300 wives, at first  
was suspected of promoting the revival of  
*tschipapa*, but when he faithfully turned  
in several tribal poison mixers to the white  
authorities, he was exonerated of blame—  
just in time to be received by Baudouin  
during his stop at Luluabour.

## THE PHILIPPINES

### Fiorello in Manila

Waving to the crowd, shaking hands,  
kissing his friends, ebullient Arsenio Lac-  
son, 47, marched bouncily into city hall  
last week to take the oath of office as  
mayor of Manila (pop. 2,000,000). He  
was the first Manila mayor ever elected  
to a third term. As usual, dark glasses  
were perched on his broken nose, but, in-  
stead of his customary open shirt, Lacson  
was soberly clad in a blue suit and maroon  
tie. In a 35-minute speech he promised  
Manila land-reclamation projects, bigger  
parks, new farmers' markets and bus ter-  
minals. Typically, he could not resist tak-  
ing a crack at the Philippines' President



MAYOR LACSON  
Seeing the world through a garbage can.

Carlos Garcia: while the national govern-  
ment has an \$8,000,000 deficit, Manila  
has a \$2,000,000 surplus.

**Edited Disk.** Tough, trenchant and  
tenacious, Arsenio Lacson reminds many  
Americans of Manhattan's rambunctious  
Fiorello La Guardia, who also served three  
terms. Like La Guardia, Lacson cleaned  
up a corrupt administration and a wide-  
open city; he fired 600 incompetent job-  
holders. Night after night, Lacson patrols  
Manila in a black police car, returns from  
time to time to a corner table at the Bay  
View or Filipinas hotels, where he listens  
to complaints and requests, or talks pro-  
fusely on a plugged-in telephone, punctu-  
ating his conversations with shots of  
whisky and four-letter expletives. Sunday  
nights, Lacson is heard by Manilans on a  
half-hour radio program (pre-recorded  
to edit out his blue words) in which he  
speaks his mind on subjects ranging  
from midwives to the military defense  
of Southeast Asia.

Born on the island of Negros of part  
Chinese ancestry (his last name is a cor-  
ruption of the Fukien dialect and means  
"sixth son"), Lacson has been an amateur

boxer, soccer player, anti-Japanese guer-  
illa, lawyer, professor and newspaper col-  
umnist. During the war he fought in the  
battles for Manila and Baguio, and was  
cited by the U.S. Sixth Army "for gallan-  
try under fire." When Japan's touring  
Premier Nobusuke Kishi asked him if he  
had learned Japanese during the war, Lac-  
son snapped, "I was too busy shooting at  
Japanese to learn any." Of Americans, he  
says: "They live in fear of Communism,  
B.O., halitosis, pink toothbrush and their  
own unpopularity."

**Enemy Scavengers.** Currently, Lacson  
rails against "the abuses, excesses, rascali-  
ty, rapacity and filth of the Garcia ad-  
ministration." Lacson describes politics as  
"a way to see the world through a garbage  
can," and he has made enemies among  
those who scavenge there. Driving home  
one night, Lacson was nearly killed by  
a burst of carbine fire. He has twice  
disarmed gunmen who attacked him and  
is fatally prepared to end either as Presi-  
dent of the Philippines or victim of an assassin. "My father was mur-  
dered," says Lacson, "and my grandfather  
was killed by slipping on a cake of soap.  
I may go either way."

## LAOS

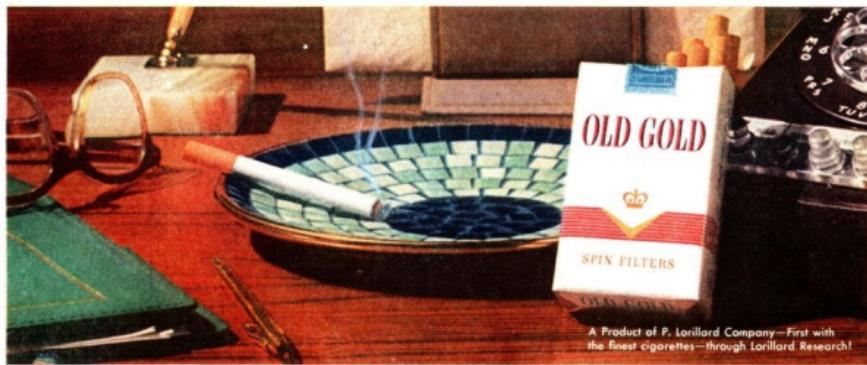
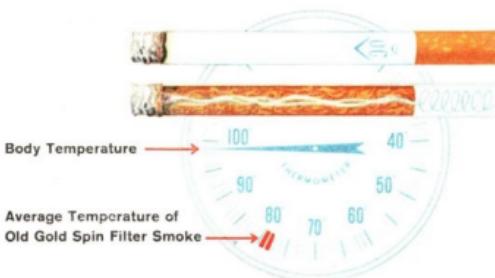
### No Hard Feelings

It seemed clear last week that the 1960s  
were going to be as bad a decade for  
civilian-led parliamentary democracy in  
Southeast Asia as the 1950s, when the  
military took over the governments in  
Pakistan, Thailand and Burma. The first  
to go in the new year was tiny, land-  
locked Laos, which has been wrestling for  
years with corruption, chaos and Com-  
munist—and an amiable indifference to  
all three. Invaded by Red bands from  
Communist North Viet Nam last summer  
(TIME, Aug. 24), Laos was narrowly  
saved from collapse by quick action in  
the United Nations, which sent a team of  
investigators whose presence caused the  
Reds momentarily to ease the pressure.

But the experience of invasion proved  
unsettling to 6-ft-tall Premier Phoui Sananikone, 56, and last month he re-  
versed his anti-Communist stance in favor  
of "neutralism." Seven members of his  
Cabinet resigned, and the Committee for  
the Defense of the National Interest de-  
manded that a provisional government be  
established. Premier Phoui, feeling men-  
aced "politically and physically," last  
week handed his resignation to King  
Savang Vatthana.

While troops stood guard through the  
capital city of Vientiane and three ar-  
mored cars stood outside the royal palace,  
the military junta drove to a meeting in  
five sleek, black Mercedes and designated  
General Phoumi Nosavan, 39, Inspector of  
Armed Forces, as the military strong-  
man of Laos. A government official, urging  
newsmen to remember that Laos was a  
Buddhist and basically peaceful country,  
said: "Please don't dramatize the situation.  
It's a *coup d'état* Laotian style, and not on the South American level. It's all  
*en famille*. No bloodshed."

Old Gold's Spin Filter spins and cools  
the smoke to less than body temperature



A Product of P. Lorillard Company—First with  
the finest cigarettes—through Lorillard Research!

and the cooler the smoke  
...the better the taste!

THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE

# Cadillac



THE CADILLAC "V" AND CREST interpreted in Emeralds and Diamonds BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

*Unique acclaim—  
even for a Cadillac!*

Rarely has a motor car—even a Cadillac—received the high degree of public acclaim that has attended the introduction of the 1960 "car of cars". This praise has, indeed, been heartwarming. But it has also, we feel, been entirely logical. Certainly, no one could question the fact of its great beauty and luxury. And surely, no one could deny the brilliance of its new performance—smooth, quiet, silken and eager beyond any previous Cadillac standard. We suggest that you see and drive the 1960 Cadillac for yourself. We feel certain that you will give it your unqualified endorsement.

## PEOPLE

The sort of ordeal that triggers the adrenaline of angry young men afflicted Britain's young (30) Playwright John (Look Back in Anger) Osborne. It became known that a television producer had rejected Osborne's very first TV effort, with a broad hint that it was amateurish. Aged with flu, Osborne grumped unsportingly: "Television is to the theater what etching is to oils." Then word leaked that still another producer had bounced the same script. Snarled Osborne: "What was a private negotiation has now become a public sport. I shall withdraw it." But he did not have to; he already had it back.

In California's San Quentin, Convict-Author Caryl (Cell 2355, Death Row) Chessman, 38, and a score of other condemned men gathered in their recreation room to watch the Rose Bowl football game (see SPORT) on television. Next thing guards knew, Kidnaper-Rapist Chessman and several other cons were pummeling one of their number who, even on death row, is a pariah to his fellow prisoners. By the time the brawl was stopped, the TV set lay smashed on the floor. Chessman, who has a date with the gas chamber in mid-February (his eighth such appointment set in the past twelve years), now faces an isolation penalty (maximum: 30 days) for his part in the Donnybrook.

Just when Roman gossips all but had Iran's beautiful ex-Queen Soraya married off to Italy's suave Prince Raimondo Orsini, Soraya, 27, effectively stilled the wagging tongues. With Orsini nowhere in sight, she traipsed off to Switzerland and the courtly attentions of well-to-do German Industrialist Harold von Bohlen und Halbach, 43. In St. Moritz, skiing by day and dancing far into cozy candlelit nights, Soraya and her companion appeared to be verging on a beautiful friend-

ship. Was it romance? The only clue came from the tall, blondish bachelor, who turned to a lone newsman at a hotel bar, wagged a finger and cryptically volunteered: "I've been in Russian prison camps for eleven years and know what freedom is worth!"

An interested visitor at the Truman Library in Independence, Mo., two-year-old Clifton Truman Daniel, self-nicknamed "Kiffie," was trailed by watchful Grandpa Harry S. Truman as the lad explored the building. Chuckled Harry later and a bit breathlessly: "I had to go some to keep up with him!"

The co-conqueror of Mount Everest, New Zealand's beekeeping Sir Edmund Hillary, was again planning to get above it all in the high Himalayas. Grubstaked



Associated Press  
"KIFFIE" & GRANDPA  
Going some.

with a tidy \$200,000 from Chicago Publisher Bailey Howard (*World Book Encyclopedia*), Sir Edmund will attempt the most grueling mountaineering feat ever tried—to climb hazardous Mount Makalu (27,790 ft. and the world's fifth highest peak) without benefit of oxygen equipment. To prepare for the endeavor, Hillary and the other climbers plan to winter at 20,000 ft. Along the way Sir Edmund hopes to bump into an *Abominable Snowman* (TIME, Aug. 10), drop him with a tranquilizer shot from a hypodermic gun, in order to become better acquainted.

Although he is getting more and more mail urging him to run for President, Arkansas' segregationist Democratic Governor Orval E. Faubus hedged on the question of entering the race. He allowed that his chances of grabbing the Democratic nomination are cotton-pickin' bad—but



Associated Press  
FAGEROS & GIBSON  
Setting out.

"I'm a pretty good campaigner. I could talk to the people. Some of the statements you hear from the candidates are so ambiguous, you can't tell what they are talking about."

Before taking to a court in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, Tennis Pros Althea Gibson and Karol Fageros checked their makeup just as any other ladies would. Considered today the world's best woman player, Althea breezed through Karol in their exhibition match—the required eight games to Karol's three.

To further the development of a completely phonetic English alphabet, the late Playwright George Bernard Shaw provided in his will for prize money to be awarded to alphabetters who could successfully bring one-letter, one-sound order out of the present 26-letter pandemonium. Last week the public trustee of G.B.S.'s estate announced a four-way tie for a \$1,400 prize that had been bought by 467 contestants. The four winning systems, none of which was adjudged completely satisfactory by three learned judges, contain scraggly new letters ranging in number from 40 to 45. An effort will now be launched to combine the best features of each into a final form, but it all seemed to confirm the long expressed view of Shaw's good friend, Lady Astor, who had a word for Shaw's entire will: "Ridiculous!" It is doubtful that the English or anyone else will ever officially adopt an alphabetic monster that at best is bound to congeal as a potpourri of Arabic, Pitman shorthand and Sanskrit, myopically scrawled in mirror writing, thus:

YI      JI—  
VUV      JU.  
WWD      WWD



European  
VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH & SORAYA  
Verging, maybe.

# SCIENCE

## Bold Reactor

When Russia's top nuclear engineers visited Oak Ridge National Laboratory last fall, the thing that impressed them most was a cylindrical, tanklike object 55 ft. long. They sat in rows of chairs while short, slender Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, the 44-year-old physicist who is the lab's director, told them what was inside the tank: an experimental reactor in which liquid fuel replaces the troublesome solid-fuel elements of conventional power reactors. "A very bold idea," conceded Professor Vasily S. Emelyanov, chief of the Russian group. Last week Dr. Weinberg cautiously told his laboratory mates that the reactor has now run long enough to be considered "a tenable engineering device."

Largely a brainchild of Dr. Weinberg, the reactor HRE-2 (for Homogeneous Reactor Experiment No. 2) is an attempt to avoid some of the worst disadvantages of solid-fuel reactors. Since solid uranium is quickly corroded at high temperature, it must be enclosed in a more resistant metal such as zirconium or stainless steel. As the uranium fissions, it generates gases that tend to burst the container. Other fission products absorb neutrons, and when too much of this "poison" has accumulated, it makes the nuclear reaction slow down or stop. At intervals, the fuel elements must be removed and their unburned uranium repurified by a difficult and expensive chemical process.

HRE-2's fuel is uranyl sulphate dissolved in heavy water (which does not absorb as many neutrons as ordinary water). When this solution is flowing in a small-bore pipe, it does not react, because the fissionable uranium atoms are too strung out to form a critical mass. But when the fuel solution flows into a

spherical reaction chamber, the compact mass becomes critical. A nuclear chain reaction starts, and heats the solution. Before the reaction goes too far, the solution is sucked away by pumps and forced through a heat exchanger, where it heats ordinary water to produce high-pressure steam (see diagram), which in turn can be harnessed to an electric generator. Since the fuel is liquid, it can be renewed by periodically passing it through a special purifier.

Worst problem was how to deal with the hot, corrosive, high-pressure fuel, which is fiercely radioactive as it comes from the spherical cell and cannot be handled or even observed except by special, remotely controlled devices. By ingenuity and careful engineering, Dr. Weinberg's staff managed to tame this lethal brew. His report proudly announced that "the reactor cell has been sealed with the circulating pumps running uninterruptedly for 1,600 hours (67 days), a feat which begins to approach the longest uninterrupted runs of any power reactor."

## Views of Life

When scientists talk about life, whose culmination, so far, is man, they generally stick to material aspects that they know well how to handle. Those scientists who believe that man also has a unique rational element, a soul—and some of them do—do not generally consider it a proper subject for scientific inquiry, although for many of them the basic subject of study is man. Result is that though they are deeply imbued with the ultimate mystery of the universe, they often talk as if man were no more than an animal crowded and shaped by deterministic forces.

**No Darling.** At last week's Chicago meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Harvard's



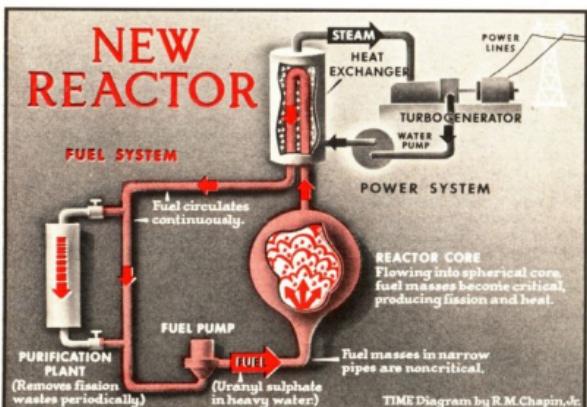
Associated Press

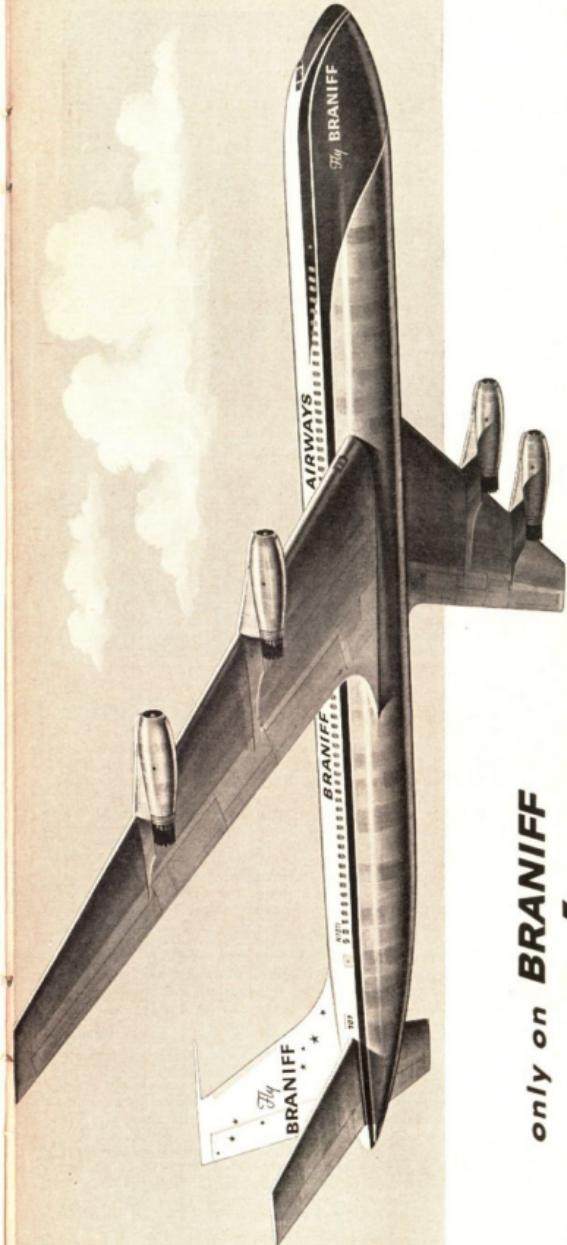
HARVARD'S GAYLORD SIMPSON  
Kin to the tapeworm?

George Gaylord Simpson, vertebrate paleontologist, seized upon the centenary of Darwin's publication of the *Origin of Species* to summarize today's consensus of scientific thinking on the nature and origin of man. The ancestry of man is still not fully known, he conceded, but he denounced "pussyfooting" about apes in man's family tree.

"Apologists emphasize that man cannot be a descendant of any living ape, and go on to state that man is not really descended from an ape or monkey at all but from an earlier common ancestor. In fact that common ancestor would certainly be called an ape or monkey in popular speech by anyone who saw it. Since the terms 'ape' and 'monkey' are defined by popular usage, man's ancestors were apes or monkeys (or successively both) . . . Man is in the fullest sense a part of nature and not apart from it. He is not figuratively but literally akin to every living thing, be it an amoeba, a tapeworm, a flea, a seagull, an oak tree or a monkey." In a word, man lives in a world "in which he is not the darling of the gods."

In other species, Simpson points out, uncontrolled evolution often leads to degeneration and usually to extinction. "But man is not just another animal. He is unique in peculiar and extraordinarily significant ways. He is the only organism with true language. This makes him the only animal who can store knowledge and pass it on beyond individual memory." He has a moral sense, including a sense of responsibility. ("The evolutionary process is not moral—the word is simply irrelevant in that connection—but it has finally produced a moral animal.") To whom is man responsible? "The post-Darwinian answer seems fairly clear: man is responsible to himself and for himself." Since he is not the darling of the gods, Simpson warns, man can save himself from evolutionary degeneration only if he himself





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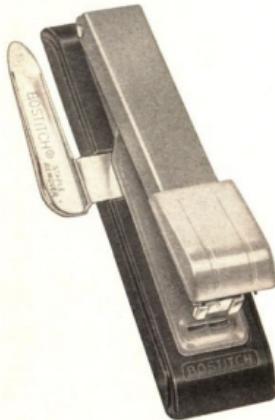


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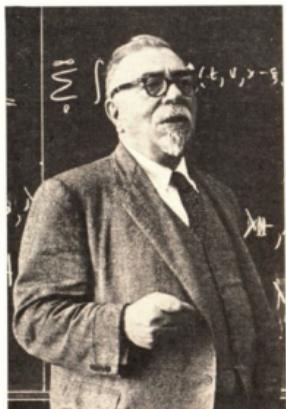
**Revolt of the Machines.** Greatest challenge to man's ascendancy is not other living creatures but mechanical monsters of his own creation, argued Mathematician Norbert Wiener of M.I.T. Dr. Wiener, inventor of the word "cybernetics" (science of control mechanisms), and No. 1 cybernetic philosopher, solemnly warned that computers and other educated machines may yet outgrow man's control. He rejected the common and cheerful opinion that machines can never have any degree of originality. "It is my thesis," said Wiener, "that machines can and do transcend some of the limitations of their designers."

Even rather simple computing machines, Wiener pointed out, act much faster than humans and with much more precision. "This means that although they are theoretically subject to human criticism, such criticism may be ineffective until a time long after it is relevant. By the very slowness of our human activities, our effective control of our machines may be nullified."

Machines have already been built that can learn by experience. Taught to play checkers, some modern computers have learned, after only 20 hours of play, to beat the man who programmed them. When the machines get a little brighter, they may learn economic games, such as figuring out the production schedule of an industry or manipulating the stock market. Once their human masters have set them to work, it is quite possible that an overeducated machine may sweep its masters to disaster before they realize clearly what it is up to.

Wiener foresees a time when modern pushbutton war will become so swift and complex that only computers can think fast enough to make its strategic decisions. They will train themselves by playing war games, as human generals do now, and will figure out more quickly than humans when it seems necessary to push the fatal buttons. But Wiener does not trust the motives of even the brightest war-making machine. "If the rules for victory in a war game," he says, "do not correspond to what we actually wish for our country, it is more likely that such a machine may produce a policy which will win a nominal victory on points, at the cost of every interest we have at heart, even that of national survival."

**Toward Synthetic Cells.** Biochemist Sidney W. Fox of Florida State University reported progress toward creating life in the laboratory. Experimenters have long known that when a mixture of methane, ammonia, carbon dioxide and water vapor (all probable constituents of the earth's primitive atmosphere) is bombarded with electric sparks or high-energy radiation, amino acids are produced. Amino acids are the building blocks that form the multitudinous proteins in living organisms, and Dr. Fox carried the process a step farther. When he heated a mixture of amino acids with polyphosphoric acid as a catalyst, he got big molecules with



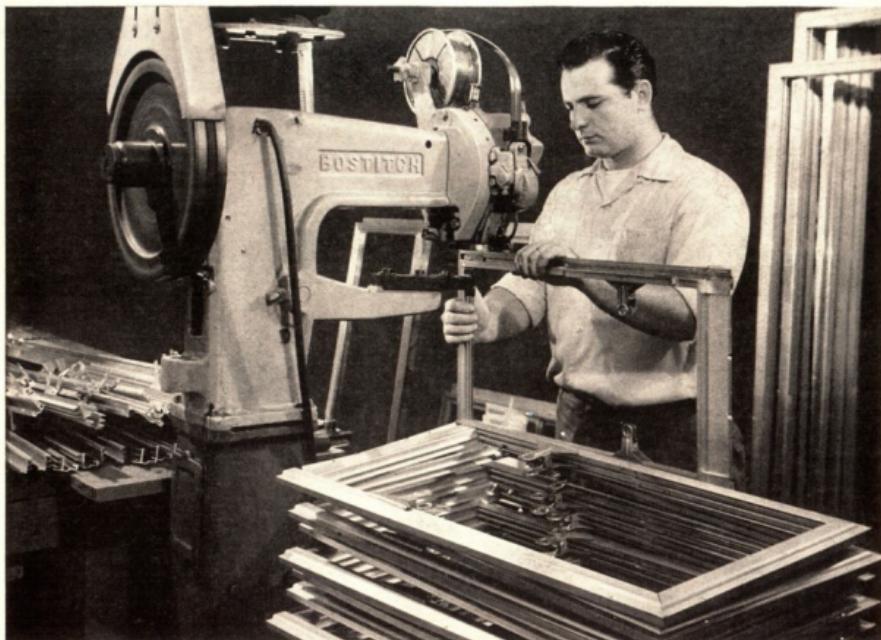
Y. W. Lee  
M.I.T.'S NORBERT WIENER  
Threatened by the computer?

many of the properties of proteins, i.e., they have similar chemical characteristics, are digested by natural enzymes and are eaten greedily by bacteria.

When Dr. Fox dissolved his semi-proteins in hot water and let the solution cool, billions of microscopic spheres separated out of each gram. The spheres were about the same size as cocci (primitive bacteria), and they seemed to be sheathed with thin membranes much as bacterial cells are. Dr. Fox does not claim that his spheres are "alive," but he thinks his experiment demonstrates one possible means by which nonliving chemicals in the earth's primitive ocean may have been gathered together into cell-like units of life.

**On Alien Planets.** If a life-forming process happened on earth, said Nobel Prizewinning Geneticist Hermann J. Muller of Indiana University, something similar probably happened on millions of other planets in the universe, and may have produced highly intelligent creatures. But it is highly unlikely that such alien life will duplicate exactly the chemistry of earthside life. So when earthmen land on a foreign planet, they had better not eat the indigenous plants or animals; if they do, they will be poisoned, or at least will not be nourished. On the other hand, the indigenes would find the earthmen equally indigestible.

There may be some similarities between alien and earthside creatures. If the animals have eyes, they will probably resemble some type of earthside eye, since only a few kinds of eyes are possible. There may be other similarities, e.g., legs for walking, teeth for chewing, but Muller discourages romantics who hope that space explorers will find planets stocked with creatures that resemble humans. "To suppose that humans have evolved there," says Muller, "is about as ridiculous as to imagine that they speak English."



## Bostitch shows metal fabricator how to increase production 33%-cut costs 18%-with stapling

Weather Products Corporation of Warwick, R. I., used screws or rivets to join the top and side of its Ever Seal triple-track aluminum windows.

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# SHOW BUSINESS

## TELEVISION

### Case History

The surgeon approached the patient's head with a large, shining power tool. On the wall a sign warned others: PLEASE OBSERVE SILENCE. THE PATIENT IS AWAKE. "Maggie, do you hear me?" said the doctor. "We're going in." The drill hummed. Even a few men in the TV camera crew instinctively turned away.

As played by Teresa Wright on this week's NBC *Sunday Showcase*, LIFE Photographer Margaret Bourke-White, who

the script, Dr. Russell Meyers, chief of neurosurgery at the University of Iowa, sent off a flamboyant, eight-page, single-spaced letter to NBC Chairman Robert W. Sarnoff. Meyers had many complaints, centering on the script's "implicit false optimism." One claim that Dr. Meyers disputed in particular was the script's suggestion that Photographer Bourke-White's surgeon had invented the special technique used in her operation. The technique should be credited, said Meyers, to Meyers. The script was slightly changed to indicate that only some Parkinson



Maynard Frank Wolfe

PERFORMERS WALLACH & WRIGHT, PHOTOGRAPHERS EISENSTADT & BOURKE-WHITE

With only occasional descents, a moving story of a struggle.

seven years ago showed the first signs of Parkinson's disease, relived a major battle against the mysterious, crippling affliction widely considered incurable. In the care of a brilliant New York surgeon, Dr. Irving Cooper, she underwent a rare operation last January, at 54 has returned to relatively normal life and work. The TV show dramatized the moving case history that Maggie Bourke-White wrote for *LIFE* last spring, with some unfortunate descents to the sort of syrupy embarrassment that inevitably finds its way into TV scripts about personal struggles with sickness.

With Photographer Bourke-White's help, Actress Wright studied her subject thoroughly, mastered the cramped, stilted gestures typical of Parkinsonism. The part of *LIFE* Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt, whose firm support helped see his colleague through her time of trouble, was well played by Actor Eli Wallach. Although the "living color" was a little too vivid in the script as well as on the screen, the total result was effective.

**Dr. Brando?** In working out the show, producers and cast had a few problems with the medical profession. After reading

cases can be helped by surgery. (Actually, only 10% can be operated on at all.)

Another change in the script was suggested by Patient Bourke-White's own surgeon, who demonstrated that even a dear and glorious physician may behave curiously under TV's hypnotic eye. For the use of his name, Dr. Cooper wanted the right of script approval. (Executive Producer Robert Alan Arthur changed the doctor's name to "Olson," avoided the issue.) Also the doctor's representatives suggested that his part be expanded, and that Marlon Brando ought to play it. Producer-Director Alex March, who gave the job to an actor named Martin Rudy, observed that "Brando is so devoted to the Method that he would have plunged right into Teresa Wright's head."

**"My Payola."** There were sponsor problems, too. A shampoo manufacturer (John H. Breck Inc.) happened to be paying for the show, and worried about that nasty business of shaving a patient's head before a brain operation. Naturally, the TV Bourke-White could not say, "I'll be glad to have my head shaved," or "This is a great year for wigs—Marlene Dietrich has ten of them," and both lines were

excluded out of the script. The producers even had to fight for the dramatically climactic operation scene, since the patient would have to be bald (Actress Wright wore a rubber cap to create the bald effect).

In the midst of all this standard TV bickering, a point of calm was Margaret Bourke-White herself. Did she mind re-living the operation that might have claimed her life? "No," she said. "I'm so grateful to the operation for setting me free that it's beautiful to me." In the final scene, Teresa Wright showed the patient's recovered coordination by bouncing a big rubber ball. Later, the producers gave the ball to Maggie, who said: "I am delighted. This is my payola."

### A Need for Reform

Somewhere in the 15,000-word catalogue of deception, corruption and negligence, hopeful TV viewers might find a promise of better programs for the future. But for the broadcasting industry and for the federal agencies that control it—technically at least—Attorney General William P. Rogers' report to President Eisenhower made sobering New Year's reading.

From the start Rogers made it plain that he does not consider radio-TV just another communications medium. Broadcasting, said he, needs not merely "a traffic policeman of the ether" to regulate frequencies—about all there is now—but supervision to ensure that broadcasters are motivated by what ex-President Hoover called "something more than naked commercial selfishness." Holders of station licenses, said Rogers, are "trustees for the public," and what he thought of some trustees was made abundantly clear by his review of the quiz scandals.

**Crassly Commercial.** In broadcasting, wrote Rogers, "there is evidence of widespread corruption and lack of the personal integrity that is so essential to the fabric of American life." He also disposed of the excuse offered by network presidents for their crooked quiz shows, *i.e.*, that they were merely duped by deceitful packagers; this, said Rogers, is neither a "practical excuse nor a legal one."

But if he found broadcasters and advertisers crassly commercial, Rogers also found the Federal Communications Commission and the Federal Trade Commission incredibly casual. Beyond its licensing and rulemaking authority, the FCC has "investigatory power fully as great as the Special Committee on Legislative Oversight [which dug into the quiz scandals and the payola problem]." But when a contestant on the now defunct quiz show, *Dotto*, charged in a letter to the FCC that the show was fixed, the commission merely wrote to CBS, was satisfied with the statement that the matter was being investigated and the show was off the air. "The commission conducted no independent investigation, such as questioning the complainant [or] program producers."

Also reprehensible, said Rogers, was a fact reported by FCC Commissioner Frederick Ford: when station licenses come



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up for renewal, and licensees are asked to justify their past operation, "only six employees review this information, and about five-and-one-half hours are spent on each renewal." Added Rogers: "We are advised that no television station has ever been required to go to hearing on its renewal application because of programming practices." Although in 1951 the FCC had announced a "public conference" to discuss the role of television, "no such conference has ever been held."

The FTC, too, has hesitated to exercise its full powers, said Rogers. Although it has taken action against deceptive advertisers, it also has power in many cases to take action against the stations or networks carrying the ads, could also set up trade practices for broadcasting in general.

**Substantial Arsenal.** Despite commendable cleanup efforts on the part of broadcasters themselves, Rogers called for positive federal action. Some suggestions:

- ¶ Require guarantees of the honesty of material that is broadcast.
- ¶ Insist that station licensees or their employees make public all their outside business interests that may be benefited by the station's programs.
- ¶ Make past performance count heavily in consideration of license renewals.
- ¶ Give the FCC a wider range of punishments, e.g., temporary license suspension. The current power only to refuse the renewal of a station license is a commercial death sentence that is sparingly used.
- ¶ Make the receiving of unadmitted "payola" a criminal offense.

In general, concluded Rogers, there is little need for new legislation. "Without approaching problems of censorship, constitutional questions of freedom of speech or of the press . . . the Federal Communications Commission has a substantial arsenal of weapons to combat deception and corruption in the broadcasting industry."

Before the Attorney General's recommendations have any practical effect, FCC Chairman John C. Doerfer, 55, an Eisenhower appointee, as well as most of his colleagues, will have to revise some longstanding attitudes. Doerfer, a Wisconsin lawyer and public utilities specialist who began his Republican career as a supporter of Wendell Willkie, has gone on record that his commission is powerless to move against crooked TV shows. His seven-year appointment (salary \$20,500) still has another year to run.

To back him up, Doerfer has T.A.M. (for Tunis Augustus Macdonough) Craven, 66, a Democrat, Naval Academy graduate and radio engineer, who believes that the Federal Government has no business snooping into TV shows.

Rosel H. Hyde, 59, a Republican appointed by Truman in 1946, is a dedicated Civil Service veteran whose wide experience in federal regulation of broadcasting is approached only by Craven's.

Frederick Ford, 50, Republican, is an ex-Justice Department lawyer, a veteran of the Federal Security Agency.

John Cross, 55, Democrat, is an electrical engineer, veteran of the National Park

Service, fancier of aging automobiles. Robert T. Bartley, 50, Democrat, protégé of his uncle, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, has worked for the FCC in various capacities for eleven years.

Robert E. (or Emmett) Lee, 47, Republican, went to the commission in 1953 with a background of hotel management, accounting, real estate investments, and several years as an FBI agent.

### Moses & the Money Changers

Keeping a stiff upper face, CBS's Ed Sullivan read the advance publicity for *Hedda Hopper's Hollywood*, the NBC show he will have to buck next Sunday. Columnist Hedda's guest list claimed more than 20 star names, including Gary Cooper, Harold Lloyd, Mickey Rooney, Joan

spell. She serves no higher function than playing housemother on Conrad Hilton junkets. And yet she's established a reign of terror out there in Hollywood."

Trying to dismiss the whole thing as "professional jealousy," Hedda asserted that her Hollywood column often runs side by side with Sullivan's Broadway gossip in the *New York Daily News*, has a much wider national syndication and "he can't stand it, that's all." Hearst papers, which syndicate Hedda's archery Louella Parsons, gleefully printed the story on Page One, with eight-column banner headlines, two days running.

All this had put Charlton Heston in a curious position. Making a sort of malice-toward-none, chariot-for-all decision, he walked out on Hopper's program (evidently under pressure from his big, fee-conscious agency), explained lamely that he had assumed the show would be local rather than network. Paving his own way out, Mickey Rooney said he was sorry he did not know the Hopper program would be taped on a weekend, because he always spends Saturday and Sunday in church.

"This is a terrific victory," said Sullivan, after hearing an NBC announcement that Hedda had also been deserted by Bette Davis, Steve McQueen, Robert Horton, Joan Crawford, and Tuesday Weld (but Hopperites insisted that the whole list had withdrawn for other reasons before the rumble began). "Heston read the Bible on Sullivan's show," concluded Hedda. "The money changers haven't left the temple." Deacon Sullivan had a different vision. "Heston played Moses in *The Ten Commandments*," he remembered. "This week he was the Moses who led all these people out of the wilderness."

## HOLLYWOOD

### Guilt at the Movies

Sooner or later, all Americans will be written into the record of this age of statistics. Last week it was the moviegoer, buttonholed by professional pollsters in a survey prepared for *Life*. Splitting their subjects into three groups—*frequent moviegoers* (twice a month or more), *moderate* (three to twelve times a year), *infrequent* (twice a year or less)—the pollsters put together a mathematical profile:

- ¶ Income seems to have no bearing, but the frequent moviegoer is more likely to be a Jew than a Catholic or a Protestant; he has had, as a rule, more education than his stay-at-home fellow, and more often than not he lives in an apartment house.
- ¶ Although 49% of moviegoers agree that movies have improved during the past decade, 81% agree that improved TV programs tend to keep them out of movie theaters. However often they indulge in the movies, though, the poll's subjects all seem to spend the same amount of time at their television sets: 142 hrs. a week.
- ¶ The more highly educated, i.e., *frequent*, moviegoers see some social stigma attached to their pastime. They would be tempted to lie rather than admit how often they go to the movies.



COLUMNIST HOPPER  
"He's a liar." "She's illiterate."

Crawford, Bette Davis and Charlton Heston. Having just paid *Ben-Hur*'s Heston \$10,000 for an appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, Sullivan made some discreet phone calls to see what kind of a price Hedda was paying. Answer: \$210, the minimum union pay scale for an "interview" appearance.

Blood trickled from The Stone. "This is the most grievous form of payola," he complained to two show-business unions: "Here is a columnist using plugs in a column to get performers free."

The resulting feud was something like watching a cigar-store Indian chasing a tufted titmouse with a crab net. "He's a liar," cried Hedda. "He's scared to death I'm going to knock him off the air." Computing quickly, Sullivan had figured that \$90,000 in talent had probably been placed in the Hopper for the yearly income (about \$4,000) of one well-tipped bootblack. "This woman just used to hang around the fringes of show business," said Sullivan in New York. "She's no actress. She's certainly no newspaperwoman. She's downright illiterate. She can't even



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# MUSIC

## Triple Tristan

In all the world there are probably only 15 tenors capable of stepping stage center in the second act of *Tristan und Isolde* and belting out "Seine eile Pracht, seinen prahlenden Schein verlacht, wenn die Nacht den Blick geweig't." Three of the 15 sing at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera, a house that rightly prides itself on the size of its singing line-up. But last week, on the eve of a performance of *Tristan* starring new Soprano Birgit Nilsson (TIME, Dec. 28), the Met's three *Heldentenor* suddenly found themselves out of voice, the victims of winter colds. (The fact that two of them, Ramon Vinay and Karl Liebl, had been panned by critics after earlier appearances might have

photographers with Soprano Nilsson, who can outthunder even a perfectly healthy *Heldentenor*. "I was just afraid to catch the bacillus," said she. "They were all really wonderful, my *Tristans*." Were the tenors all really ailing? "They said they were," said Dr. Reckford, "and you have to believe people like tenors."

## Mahler Revisited

When Gustav Mahler stepped down from the podium one evening in 1895 after conducting the first full performance of his *Second Symphony*, the Berlin audience was hostile, and the critics fumed about "the cynical impudence of this brutal music maker." The response was characteristic of most Mahler premières. Ventilated by a handful of his fellow musi-

Thunderously emotional at times, monotonally high-flown at others, the symphonies glow with richly romantic colors and a kind of mystical fervor. Too often they tend to be bombastic and sentimental. But in his finest pages, as in the slow movement of *Symphony No. 9*, Mahler wrote some of the most eloquent music of his age.

**Behind the Curtain.** By all reports, he was at least as distinguished a conductor as he was a composer. Born into a non-musical Jewish family (his father owned a distillery) in the town of Kalisch in Bohemia, Gustav Mahler left home to study at the Vienna Conservatory at the age of 15. At 37, after years of composing and a succession of provincial conducting posts in Austria and Germany, he became head of the Vienna Opera, and from that time on (1897), he was one of the most powerful men of music in Europe. He renovated the opera company, fired old, worn-out singers, banished the clique and refused admittance to late arrivals. At the end of ten years, he was so hated that he fled Vienna to become a conductor at the Met, then took over as conductor of the New York Philharmonic.

But in New York as in Vienna, Mahler quickly earned a reputation for playing favorites among the orchestra personnel. One day he was summoned to the home of the chairman of the orchestra's executive committee and accused of "mistaken conduct." When the argument with the angry ladies became heated, Mahler's hostess drew a curtain, revealing a lawyer scribbling verbatim notes. Before Mahler left, he was forced to sign a legal document refusing him the right to choose programs and requiring him to dismiss a member of the orchestra who had kept him informed about what the others were saying about him.

**Haunted by Ghosts.** For all his unpopularity, Mahler also had powerful admirers—Bruno Walter, Richard Strauss, and particularly Arnold Schoenberg, who called him a "saint" and confounded Mahler with his own early experiments in atonality ("I don't understand his music," said Mahler. "I am old, and I daresay my ear is not sensitive enough").

As he grew older, Mahler became more and more terrified of the madness that haunted his family. He often refused to work in the isolated studio outside his summer home in Switzerland because he was convinced that every move he made was watched by a vengeful "goat-god." On the score of his tenth and last symphony, he scrawled despairing words: "The devil dances with me. Madness seizes me, assured that I am—annihilates me, so that I forget that I exist, so that I cease to be . . ." Feverish and with a badly weakened heart, he conducted his last concert with the New York Philharmonic against his doctor's orders, and developed the streptococcus infection that killed him in 1911 at the age of 50. Strangely, his last whispered reference was to Mozart, a composer poles apart from the German romantic tradition that died with him.



SOPRANO NILSSON WITH RELIEF TENORS VINAY, LIEBL & DA COSTA  
Just what Casey Stengel would have done.

also affected their health.) Rather than cancel a sold-out performance, Met General Manager Rudolf Bing resorted to a technique normally used by Casey Stengel and the New York Yankees, sent in each tenor for a single act. "Fortunately," added Bing, "there are only three acts."

Chilean-born Tenor Vinay, 46, had originally been scheduled to sing the role. At noon he called the Met to cancel. German-born Tenor Liebl, 44, who subbed for Vinay at the season's first *Tristan*, in which Soprano Nilsson scored her dramatic triumph, phoned the Met at 2 to say that he, too, was in no condition to go on. U.S.-born Tenor Albert Da Costa, 33, phoned in at 4 with the same report. With no other Wagnerian tenors available, Bing gave Vinay the first act, Liebl the second and Da Costa the third. Backstage was Throat Specialist Dr. Leo P. Reckford, who treated all three tenors.

Vinay negotiated the hour-long opening act commendably, while Liebl huddled backstage in an overcoat waiting to change costumes with him. Liebl sang the second act in adequate style, and Da Costa turned in some of the best singing of the evening during *Tristan*'s third-act death delirium. All three took separate curtain calls and somewhat reluctantly posed for

cians, Mahler was misunderstood by his public and despised as a martinet by the singers and players who performed under his baton. Now, in the centennial year of his birth, the musical world is taking a fresh look at the last of the great Austrian symphonists. A spate of anniversary performances was inaugurated last week by the New York Philharmonic, playing Mahler's *Fifth Symphony* under Guest Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos.

A slight man, Mahler wrote giant-sized, tempestuous music that echoes his countryman, Anton Bruckner; on first hearing, a Mahler piece usually sounds like far-out Brahms with Wagnerian delusions. To Mahler, the symphony was the ideal musical form; he composed no chamber music, no music for solo instruments, no small-scaled choral pieces; even his famous song cycle, *Das Lied von der Erde*, calls for a full orchestra. Of the ten symphonies he wrote, only the *First* and *Fourth* are of normal length; the rest run on for as much as 90 minutes and employ vast orchestras. *Symphony No. 8*, dubbed "The Symphony of a Thousand" by one impresario, calls not only for an orchestra beefed up with a special brass choir, but for two mixed choruses, a boys' chorus and eight solo voices.



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**HUGO** on a measure of greatness

There is no such thing as a little country. The greatness of a people is no more determined by their number than the greatness of a man is determined by his height.

(Smith, November 17, 1862)

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



# THE PRESS

## Hoarse Whisper

In its Jan. 4 issue, which hit the newsstands last week, the weekly *U.S. News & World Report* reports the news that New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller is all set to make a red-hot fight against Vice President Richard M. Nixon for the Republican presidential nomination. Leading off its "Washington Whispers" column, the magazine confides that Rockefeller, advised that he can win, "is planning a handshaking, baby-holding, street-corner campaign for delegates in the New Hampshire presidential primary." *U.S. News* was caught with its holiday deadline down when Rockefeller announced on Dec. 26 that he would not make the race.

## Fidel's Kind of Freedom

During his first year as Cuba's boss, Premier Fidel Castro has made it increasingly plain to visiting newsmen that they are working on borrowed time. Non-Cuban correspondents, writing the truth about Cuba as they see it, have been harried: the Chicago *Tribune's* Jules Dubois (see below), after switching from praise to criticism of Castro, was refused food, drink, and haircuts in Havana, finally hounded right out of Cuba; James Buchanan of the Miami *Herald* was banished from the island after being convicted of conspiracy against Castro's regime (TIME, Jan. 4). Last week Castro's campaign against the outside press picked up intensity along two fronts.

Havana-based foreign correspondents were subjected to a new barrage of vituperation and abuse, from hotel waiters, bellhops, elevator operators, customs officials, and anonymous midnight callers on the telephone. Some Cuban concerns began stamping their mail with hostile messages to the press: IF YOU READ IT IN THE A.P. OR THE U.P.I., IT'S A LIE.

The wire services were the target in another phase of the attack. Last week at a meeting of Havana's Provincial News Paper Guild, Guild President Baldomiro Rios, a fervent Castro disciple, issued a special resolution. Hereafter, proclaimed Rios, any wire-agency story that lied about Castro (meaning put him in a bad light) would, if it appeared in any Cuban paper, be followed by this rider: "This wire story is published voluntarily by this newspaper, making legitimate use of the press freedom existing in Cuba. But newspapermen and graphic workers of this work center express, using that same right, their opinion that the contents of the story are not in conformity with the truth or to the most elementary ethics of journalism." At week's end no Cuban newspaper had dared to publish a story that called for the rider.

Since he has not actually seized any publications, Dictator Castro has fooled many with the claim that his government has not impaired freedom of the press. But the constantly growing campaign of harassment has had its effect on the gen-

erally docile Cuban journalists and has served notice on those from abroad. Perhaps the most ominous aspect: the pattern of workers' protests is strikingly similar to the way in which the Communists began their subjugation of the press in China.

## Laying the Colonel's Ghost

Except for an occasional meeting or special conference, the walnut-paneled office on the 24th floor of Tribune Tower in Chicago has been vacant for five years. The huge marble-topped desk behind which daily rose the gory of the morning *Tribune's* high-choler publisher, Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, is gone, replaced by a more modestly proportioned desk of wood. Unofficial, the colonel's ghost still walks restlessly through the

steadily, Don Maxwell has charge of the *Tribune's* 476-man editorial staff, though not necessarily its editorial policy. Similarly, General Manager J. Howard Wood, 59, runs the business side, but he is answerable to the key man in the triumvirate: Chesser M. Campbell, 62, who is not only *Tribune* publisher but president of the Tribune Co., a complex of 14 corporations—among them two ship lines, a paper mill, and the New York *Daily News*—that last year grossed \$320 million.

Under the triumvirate's direction, the paper slowly changed its flamboyant ways. The *Trib* threw out most of the phonetic spelling of which McCormick had been so fond—"frate," "photograf," "soder"—leaving only a few traces, e.g., "altho." The "policy" stories began to fade away, and the news got straighter play. When Chicago played host to Britain's Queen Elizabeth six months ago, no one gave



CHICAGO "TRIBUNE'S" CAMPBELL, MAXWELL & WOOD  
Hardly anybody wants to punch them in the nose.

Art Shay

Tower, but the paper has changed since that April day in 1955 when Bertie McCormick died at 74.

Change was inevitable, for McCormick carried an inimitable brand of muscular, sputtering, personal journalism with him into the grave. For 41 years he used the *Tribune* as the vessel of his wrath against the faults he found in Chicagoland, the world, and the 20th century. The paper fumed at foreigners (especially the British), Franklin D. Roosevelt and his kin, all Democrats, most Republicans, social security, the United Nations, Rhodes scholars and Ivy League schools. In between—and often despite—the colonel's crusades, the *Tribune's* big and expert staff did, and still does, put out the best newspaper in Chicago.

"His Ministers." At McCormick's death, three veteran hands, previously groomed for the succession, stepped into his shoes. They had no intention of really filling them. "He was the duke of Chicago," said one of the three, Indiana-born Editor William Donald Maxwell, 60, "and we are his ministers."

An able and hard-working newsman who broke in on the *Trib* in 1920 and rose

her a more cordial reception than the once rabidly Anglophobic *Tribune*. The *Trib's* own news-column byliners and the editorial page at times even find themselves in disagreement. At the same time that Latin America Specialist Jules Dubois was buttering up Cuba's Fidel Castro on Page One, the editorial page, with far better judgment, was castigating Fidel.

All the while, the *Trib* has continued to cover Chicagoland better than any of its competitors and has untriringly followed the colonel's command to "furnish that check upon government which no constitution has ever been able to provide." No scent of corruption goes unchallenged by the paper's hard-toothed bloodhounds.

"Palid" & "Better." The changes in the *Tribune* rate mixed reviews. Says Larry Fanning, executive editor of the competing *Sun-Times*: "It's more palid today than it was. The guy who hated the *Tribune* and used to read it to find out what the old buzzard was saying today has no reason to buy it." Fanning's boss, *Sun-Times* Editor Milburn P. Akers, takes a different view: "It was always a great newspaper, but now it's more objective."

Now and then, the colonel's ghost gets

restless, and the old-style fire burns. It usually flares up on the editorial page, where the top hand is Leon Stoltz, who has been belting out *Tribune* editorials since 1928. "A habitual and unrepentant drunkard delivering a temperance lecture," sneered the *Trib* of President Eisenhower's 1957 State of the Union message, which expressed his alarm over inflation. When Iowa and Minnesota, both states with Democratic Governors, used troops to maintain order in a meat-packing strike last month, the *Trib* gave both Governors the back of its hand: "The Democratic party in Iowa and Minnesota can justly proclaim itself the good party."

But such blazes are getting rarer. *Tribune* Publisher Chesser Campbell and his aides are far less interested in McCormick's shade than they are in improving the *Trib*'s tight grip on Chicagoland. Circulation has slipped since McCormick's death—883,213 today against 892,058 then—but the competition has lost ground, too (the *Sun-Times* is off 10,123, down to 546,862), as Chicago's burgeoning suburban dailies, more than 80 in all, slice into the city papers' domain. The *Tribune*, always prosperous, is sleeker than ever. In the last five years, annual gross income rose \$18 million to an estimated \$91 million for 1959; in the same period, ad income rose 14%.

*Trib* staffers are pleased with many aspects of the post-colonial era. "It used to be," said one upper-echelon executive, "that you would go to a cocktail party and someone would want to punch you on the nose just because you worked for the *Tribune*. That doesn't happen any more." But then he added with some nostalgia: "Those guys who used to take to their white chargers over an issue just don't seem to be around any more." Not many of them are.

### Read Before Printing

Out of the balmy Los Angeles night into the offices of the *Times* (circ. 496,337) stepped a mysterious visitor. To the man behind the desk he exhibited the engraving of a full-page ad: Would the paper run it in its Christmas issue next day? The visitor produced \$2,500 in cash, and the *Times* took the money and the ad. Soon the visitor's full-page message was rolling by the thousands off the *Times*'s presses. In due course a composing-room hand, routinely checking all ads for typographical errors, came to this one. His eyes widened in disbelief. Not until then did anyone at the *Times* know what it was printing.

**JESUS CHRIST, II APPEARING**, heralded the ad in letters two inches high. It went on to explain in the small print that the coming would occur on three successive January days, at three Hollywood churches. The message was signed in a clear, bold hand: Jesus Christ, II.

A frantic order was issued, and the presses were stopped. The ad was yanked and replaced by one from the Barker Bros. furniture store. *Timesmen* dashed into the night in a desperate and only partly successful effort to retrieve 35,000



THE AD IN THE "TIMES"  
Caught by a man in the composing room.

copies already distributed. Someone called the churches: they did not know Jesus Christ, II.

Last week the red-faced *Times* said that its Christmas Eve visitor—who proved to be Thomas Lockyer Graeff, a 30-year-old Angelino who is petitioning to get his name legally changed to Jesus Christ II—had not come back to reclaim his \$2,500. The competing Los Angeles *Examiner* (circ. 369,537) said somewhat smugly that the same ad had been brought to its office at about the same time, but some one read it and turned it down.

### The Power of the Critics

After only 28 performances on Broadway, *Only in America*, a comedy based on the life of Harry Golden, bestselling author (*Only in America*, *For zé Plain*) and editor (the bimonthly *Carolina Israelite*), closed and faded into oblivion. Taking sad note of the closing in the current *Israelite*, Golden speaks on the power of the Broadway critics, whose predominantly unfavorable reviews helped kill the show:

"It might seem that bad reviews would result in an intense bitterness. But the opposite is true. [The] critics represent our last bastion of integrity. They can neither be bullied nor seduced into writing good reviews. The one wonderful thing about the reviews is that you don't have to wait long. A play takes up a year of heartache to get to Broadway, but the critics render the decision within an hour and 15 minutes, and it is a major decision, one from which there is little appeal. The theater is probably the only business in the world where a major decision is made so quickly, with so little fuss, bother or delay, and with so much celerity and honesty. The success of a play is a contingent thing, contingent on those seven [New York] critics. Yet I do not want it any other way."

## THE THEATER

### New Play on Broadway

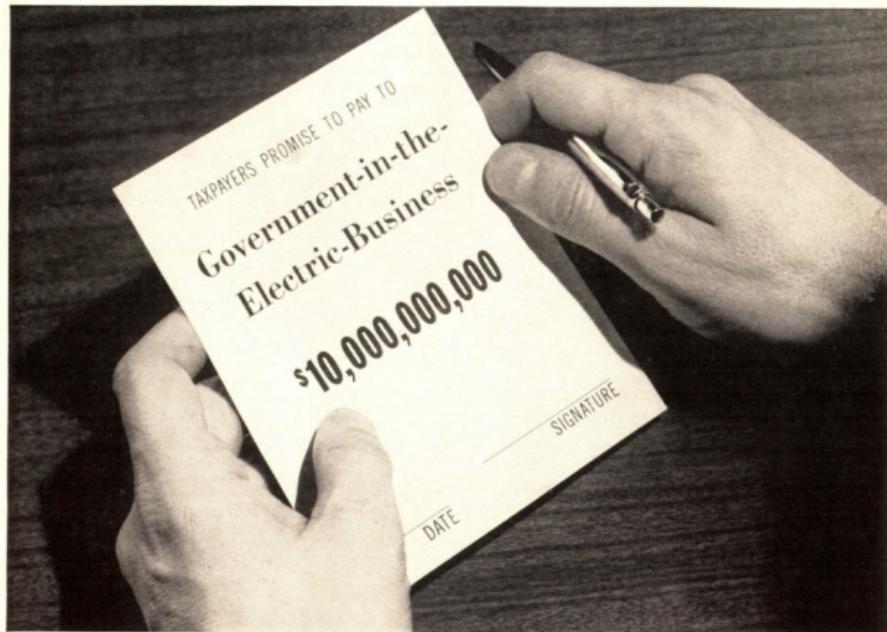
**The Andersonville Trial** (by Saul Levitt) took place before a U.S. military court in August 1865. The defendant, Henry Wirz (Herbert Berghof), had been superintendent of the notorious Andersonville, Ga. prison, where some 40,000 Union soldiers lived in unutterable filth and want, and where 14,000 of them died. The first half of the play, based on the actual trial, consists of witnesses' accounts of the unspeakable conditions and unthinkable treatment. But in the pile-up of testimony, it emerges that Wirz was rather the brutal agent than the inhuman author of what went on. He was merely carrying out orders from above.

A conscience-pricked judge advocate keeps suggesting that Wirz had a moral obligation to disobey such monstrous military orders—a ticklish thesis to propound before a military court. But after Wirz insists on taking the stand, the judge advocate wrests permission to raise the moral issue. The trial therupon erupts into something beyond cross-examination or even debate. It becomes an indictment, on the judge advocate's part, that bypasses the law, and a hysterical mine-not-to-reason-why defense on Wirz's part that circumvents morality. Wirz, most likely a preordained scapegoat, was convicted and hanged.

Playwright Levitt has made good use of two strong natural assets: a stormy trial, always a virtual synonym for lively theater, and one of the great mass-horror stories of history. Upon these he has raised, with frequently discernible modern overtones, a large moral problem of guilt. Well acted under José Ferrer's uninhibited staging, the play offers an evening that has much in its favor in both theme and treatment. It has both bursts of eloquence and bouts of theater.

Yet it lacks a certain cleanliness of impact, a certain soundness of effect. It pounds too hard at times, and stretches things out too long. And for all its speeches and screams, it does not deeply plumb its moral issue or its chief actors, particularly the key figure of the judge advocate (for which George C. Scott, however brilliant, seems miscast). And by mixing dialectics with histrionics to pose a moral inquiry, *The Andersonville Trial* disconcertingly forfeits much of the realistic and psychological fascination of a trial. About it all there is too much sense of external pressure, of the author as both preacher and showman.

How far all this follows the actual trial is for the official records to say. But there is a sense of forcing the high notes and holding them too long. That trials are proverbially good theater is no accident: theater minds and legal minds equally highlight and soft-pedal to a purpose, equally employ shock and diversionary tactics. And they can equally breed doubts while scoring points: often vivid, Levitt's play does not really satisfy as a whole.



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POWER COMPANIES, Room 1104-E  
1271 Ave. of the Americas, New York 20, N.Y.

Please send me the new free booklet, "Who Pays for Government-in-the-Electric-Business?" . . . telling how this unnecessary tax spending affects every family, how and where the federal government is in the electric power business, and many other important facts.

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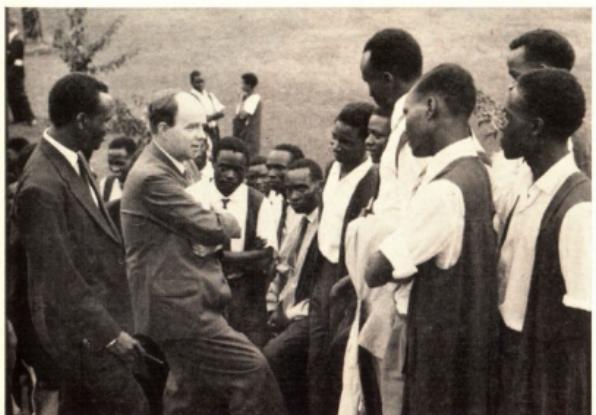
# EDUCATION

## Schooling in Africa

If white education awakened black Africa, it mainly awakened a sense of injustice. Last week something more seemed needed as Africa seethed toward independence (see FOREIGN NEWS). Black men must stand beside white men as physicians, lawyers, engineers—and where will they come from? The average African country is 80% illiterate. Of Africans who begin school, only one out of 100 reaches college. Says Bernard de Bunsen, British principal of Uganda's Makerere College: "We are running a race against time to produce at

ish East Africa (pop. 21 million), an area one-fifth as big as the fifty United States. Due soon: a full-fledged University of East Africa, combining Makerere, the Royal College and a new branch at Morogoro, Tanganyika. But the merger may take five years.

Yet Britain has brought more higher education to the African than any other colonial power. Shining example: Ghana's University College, a University of London affiliate due for degree-granting autonomy in 1962. In ten years it has turned out 550 graduates, aims eventually at 5,000 students of all races. Ghana's



Uganda Department of Information

BRITISH COLONIAL SECRETARY MACLEOD AT UGANDA'S MAKERERE COLLEGE  
From a sense of injustice to the politics of hope.

least a few Africans capable of occupying the key posts they are demanding."

Ambition is no problem. An African boy cheerfully slogs hundreds of miles out of the bush to find the nearest primary school. If he reaches secondary school (10% do), he must persuade his poverty-stricken father to help him stay. He may even face a painful ordeal at the hands of the tribal witch doctor to prove his determination. And if he actually gets through college, all his relatives descend on him for support. Yet able Africans endure any hardship to win a university degree, the highest status symbol they can imagine.

**No Students.** Why do so few succeed? Kenya's young politician, Tom Mboya, blames lack of higher education facilities. When Mboya got scholarships for 81 Africans at 52 U.S. colleges and universities this year (TIME, Sept. 21), his clincher was that Kenya's Royal Technical College grants only sub-university diplomas. Kenyans with a yen for more than a technical degree must go to Uganda's Makerere College, or somehow find their way overseas. So, too, must students from Tanganyika, third major country comprising Brit-

volatile Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, himself a graduate of the U.S.'s Lincoln University, denounces it for costliness (160 senior teachers for 650 students), frets because the predominantly British faculty holds out for classical education against the practicalities that Nkrumah favors. Yet the college sparks Ghana's drive to uplift education at all levels, a model for Africa to ponder.

In sharp contrast is the French and Belgian record. At the university level, most French Africans have been trained in France. In all the vastness of French black Africa—ten times bigger than Texas—there is only one "university" (Dakar), which is no university by British African standards. Nonetheless, France has tried to educate an African elite (though only twelve French Equatorial Africans are now studying in Paris). But the Belgians have made no such effort: the roiling Belgian Congo has no university graduates capable of running an independent state. Belgium tried, but too late. It sank \$9,000,000 into the Congo's five-year-old University of Lovanium near Léopoldville, a glittering campus that even boasts Africa's first

nuclear reactor. But this year Lovanium (370 students) will graduate only a dozen Africans, and the newer University of Elisabethville (260 students) will produce even fewer.

**No Fancy Colleges.** What really aids African higher education is a grievous shortage of primary and secondary schools. This is no discredit to the pioneering Christian mission schools, which have trained virtually every native leader and are today responsible for perhaps 85% of elementary education in non-Moslem black Africa. But such schools are still too few, and the colonial powers have done little to supplement them. The Belgians, for example, only recently started a secondary school system. Britain's Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland has only three secondary schools funneling Africans into the multiracial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Though 180,000 African children attend the federation's primary schools, the secondary schools have admitted only 400 qualified students. Of these, precisely 216 passed the Cambridge Overseas School Certificate test at the last sitting—50 with high enough marks to enter college. Current college enrollment (162) includes only 32 Africans.

The average African nation spends an astonishing 20% of its budget on education. Yet the schools turn out so few qualified graduates that places are going begging in universities. Some Africans argue that school curriculums should be changed ("Why study the industrial revolution when our problem is detribalization?"), along with college admissions standards ("Some of our brightest chemistry students score low in English and are disqualified"). But all agree that thousands more schools are needed. Says Assilane Diop, Guinea's levelheaded Information Minister: "Too many African nations want fancy colleges right away as prestige symbols without preparing students for them. In Guinea our first job is to reduce illiteracy and get our children into school—any school, College we can."

**No Western Comfort.** Just as short are good teachers (poor ones abound). Africa's best are often wasted: Makerere's topnotch professors often have classes of only six students when they could be teaching 50. The need is all the more urgent as the European teacher supply dwindles. Example: the Sudan's fine University of Khartoum (enrollment: 1,260), where Britons are leaving the faculty and their Sudanese are replacing them. Fearing lower standards, Khartoum hopes to attract U.S. teachers through exchange programs. The hope may be ephemeral: perhaps 300 U.S. teachers are now in Africa, most of them in mission schools, only a handful in colleges. Many U.S. Negroes feel an intense involvement with emerging Africa, but there are only 30 U.S. Negro teachers on the entire continent.

For years to come Africans will still get their best higher education overseas—if they can win scholarships and raise travel and pocket money. But alternatives are developing. Last year Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie set up a 200-scholarship



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program for all Africans at the University College of Addis Ababa (enrollment: 421). What makes the Lion of Judah's philanthropy intriguing is the nature of his institution, launched in 1950 with a faculty of cheery young Canadian Jesuits, who teach no religion (by agreement), wear no clerical garb, dress in sports jackets.

The Jesuits are now worried that the Emperor's flirtation with Tito will mean their replacement by Yugoslavs. Worse, the Russians are setting up an Ethiopian technical school for 1,000 students to be taught by an all-Russian faculty. By the time the Emperor launches his projected degree-granting Haile Selassie University, it may be no source of Western comfort.

The worst need not happen—if fast Western aid goes to African education. "There is so much to be done," says Kenya's No. 2 politician (and teacher), Gikonyo Kiano, 33, product of Antioch, Stanford, and the University of California. Thus far, Kiano has not mixed politics and education. "On education," says he, "my politics are the politics of hope."



Ben Martin  
LITERACY MISSIONARY LAUBACH  
Tackling a national scandal.

### Mass Assault

One out of ten adult Americans sees most printed words as mere squiggly lines, and is, to U.S. census takers, a "functional illiterate." One such is Nara High, 64, of Durham, N.C. Instead of going to school, she went to work at eight in a textile mill, now lives alone in retirement, mostly watching television. "Oh, I would love to write my name," says she. "It would mean so much."

This week Nara High's precious TV set becomes more than a soporific as she and 53 other Durham illiterates prepare for an exciting venture. At 6 a.m., four days a week, they will turn on their TV sets for a 30-minute lesson. The aim: to give them a fourth-grade education in reading and writing by midsummer.

So begins the nation's first mass TV assault on illiteracy, broadcast by eleven commercial and three educational TV stations covering Alabama, both Carolinas and one-third of Tennessee. Illiterates in the area (adult population: 5,135,000) include 1,160,000 people with less than five years of schooling and 214,000 who never went to school at all. (No cause for complacency in supposedly better-educated areas: California has 440,000 illiterates. New York 900,000.)

**B for Bird.** Curriculum is the famed phonetic reading system invented by 75-year-old Dr. Frank C. Laubach. As a Congregationalist missionary in the Philippines 30 years ago, Laubach designed picture-word-syllable charts of the Maranao language, launched an "Each-One-Teach-One" campaign among Moro tribesmen that made them 90% literate in a few months. The system is simple: an English student begins with consonants, learns that *b* sounds like buh-for-bird and sees the letter imposed on a picture of a bird. Much see-and-say repetition is followed by *e* imposed on a cup, *d* on a dish, *f* on a fish. Then come vowels, easy stories and eventually writing in script.

Laubach has tackled 260 languages and dialects in 97 countries, founded a worldwide literacy drive whose current momentum comes from the first TV use of his system four years ago by WKNO-TV in Memphis. Results were so impressive (2,000 illiterates learned to read and write in four months) that the lessons have been adapted with UNESCO aid for TV use in India, Africa and the Middle East.

**C for Courage.** Dynamo behind this week's U.S. drive is hustling Mayes Behrman, 67, literacy director of the John C. Campbell Folk School in Brasstown, N.C., which teaches simple crafts to mountain people. Last year Behrman raised \$16,000 to get WKNO's 98 lessons kinescoped, ran them over Charlotte's WBTV for 1,000 students. The 750 graduates, who proudly showed up for a televised commencement, deluged Behrman with thanks ("I have always hoped and prayed I could read the Bible"). "I can tell whether it's my mail now, and I can read Christmas cards." "I never could read the recipes before. Now I can, and this is something, believe me." Behrman promptly raised \$20,000 for this year's four-state program, aims at 5,000 students.

Most will need considerable moral courage. An example is Durham Student Page Osborne, 37, married at 13 and now a widow with five children. It is not easy thing for her to be the family's one illiterate, and to have as tutor her 14-year-old daughter. Behrman's problem is getting such people to admit their illiteracy and sign up, but diplomacy is turning the trick. Behrman likes to tell of one Charlotte factory where he was able to sign up only three people last year with advertised slogans such as "Would you like to read?" When he changed the pitch to "Would you like to learn to improve your reading?", enrollment jumped to 15. The fudging hardly matters. A national scandal is getting the attention it deserves.

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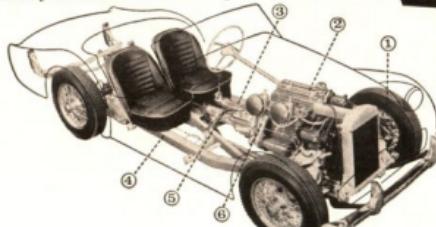
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# MEDICINE

## Wired for Living

Things looked bad for Michael Fairman, 38, when he entered Georgia's Glynn-Brunswick Memorial Hospital little more than a month ago. Within a few days he had a succession of heart seizures, and his condition got so bad that drugs helped only briefly. Last week Retired Businessman Fairman was at his son's home for New Year's, his heartbeat regu-



Berk Uzile—Leviton-Atlanta

PATIENT FAIRMAN & PACEMAKER  
Tick-tock to recovery.

lar as clockwork. The remedy: Fairman's heart muscle had been wired directly to a tiny electric pacemaker, which he wore clipped to his belt.

Fairman is one of a small but growing group of U.S. heart patients who have been wired for living with a variety of pacemakers that are alike in principle but differ in detail. When a diseased heart stops or goes into fibrillation (a useless twitching and fluttering), it can often be restored to normal beat by a single electric shock. In more stubborn cases, small electrical impulses must be transmitted to the heart at a near normal pulse rate (60 to 72 per minute).

This has been done in many hospitals with cabinet-type pacemakers weighing up to 50 lbs. At first the current was applied externally, to the chest skin. Then Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, famed open-heart surgeon of the University of Minnesota Hospitals, got the idea of implanting the electrode directly in the muscle of the heart wall.

**Needle to the Heart.** The Minneapolis team has done this with many patients whose hearts were exposed during surgery, and has fitted some with featherweight, transistorized pacemakers, which they carry around. Other surgeons have used different approaches to the heart: at Montefiore Hospital in The Bronx, sur-

geons wired a 67-year-old man by slipping a thin electrical cable into an incision in his neck and working it through a vein into the heart. In some cases, surgeons have plunged a hollow needle through the chest wall and into the heart itself; when a fine wire, passed through the needle, is in place, they withdraw the needle.

In Fairman's case, the doctors did not dare open the chest to sew the electrode into the heart muscle because they doubted that the patient would survive surgery. So they decided on the direct-puncture method. With only a local anesthetic, the job took ten minutes. Surgeon Erwin Jennings, 38, put the king-sized needle between Fairman's fourth and fifth ribs, aimed for the right ventricle. Jennings knew when he had hit it, because electrical impulses from Fairman's heart were transmitted through the wire. A fish-hook type of barb on the end of the wire set it in the heart muscle.

Fairman's pacemaker, about the size of a pocket transistor radio, weighed only 12 oz., was powered by a 9.4-volt battery. He kept it going continuously until last week, when doctors shut it off because his heart no longer needed the pacemaker's added push.

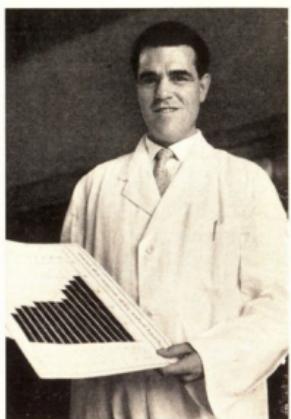
**Built-in for Permanence?** Even Fairman's compact and ingenious device is not the ultimate, say medical researchers. At the Veterans Administration Hospital in Buffalo, a team of doctors and electronics experts has constructed a pacemaker to be implanted permanently in the body. The device is  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter,  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick—about the size of a railroadroader's pocket watch. Powered by mercury batteries with a five-year life, the built-in pacemaker has been tried in dogs, and has kept one alive for four months. It is about ready for trial in man.

## Late to Bed

Nobody was getting much sleep last week at the home of University of Munich Pediatrician Dr. Theodor Hellbrügge, 40. Reason: after tiptoeing through three clinics and two orphans' homes to record 13,248 separate observations on the sleeping habits of youngsters, Hellbrügge and a team of researchers concluded that children sleep less and need less sleep than many parents believe. While Hellbrügge's findings are already well accepted by most pediatricians, angry mothers and fathers jammed his phone well into the night with complaints that their youngsters were using his findings to extort late bedtimes.

According to pediatrician Hellbrügge, a sleeping time of 15 hours is normal for children under one. This gradually decreases from 13-14 hours for two-year-olds to eleven-twelve hours for six-year-olds. Ten-year-olds, he said, need only ten hours' sleep, and 14-year-olds not more than nine hours. Recommended bedtime: between 8 and 9 p.m. for six- to ten-year-olds, between 9 and 10 p.m. for eleven- to 15-year-olds, plus a one-hour afternoon nap up to age ten—or even to age 15.

As important as bedtime itself, insists Hellbrügge, father of six, is suitable preparation. Warns he: "An artificially early bedtime may cause childish frustrations and encourage masturbation habits." To prevent children from being overstimulated when they go to bed, Hellbrügge recommends playing Bach or Haydn records instead of popular tunes, reading aloud instead of watching television. Said he to aroused parents: "My recommendations stem solely from my concern about the frustrations which arise when children are sent to bed before their bodies are ready



Conda  
PEDIATRICIAN HELLBRÜGGE  
Tiptoe to a theory.

for sleep. The time gained should be carefully utilized by parents. If the time is wasted by allowing children to supercharge themselves with new stimuli, I would consider an early lights-out the lesser evil."

## The Meaning of Death

The one inescapable fact of life is death. Yet man usually refuses to face it. What La Rochefoucauld said in 1665 is still generally true: "One cannot look fixedly at either the sun or death." Result: "Concern about death," says the University of Southern California's Psychologist Herman Feifel, "has been relegated to the tabooed territory heretofore occupied by diseases like tuberculosis and cancer, and the topic of sex." To remedy this, 21 experts in religion, arts and sciences have pooled their knowledge in a new book, *The Meaning of Death* (McGraw-Hill; \$6.50), edited by Dr. Feifel.

Far from being gloomy, it is a hopeful work designed to promote mental health through a better understanding and acceptance of death's inevitability. As the Menninger Foundation's Psychologist Gardner Murphy points out: "The effort to escape the facing of death may constitute a deep source of ill health."

**Outside Skeleton.** It is from the child, temporally most remote from death, that the experts got some of their most basic



Harry B. Warner, Vice-President—Marketing,  
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GUSTAVE DORÉ'S VISION OF DEATH  
Footprints in a child's mind.

data. Psychologist Maria H. Nagy (now at Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center) studied 378 children in Budapest in the late 1930s, believes that, with minor differences, her findings can be applied to Western civilization generally. The child of five and under, she learned, does not recognize death as an irreversible fact; he sees it as a sort of sleep or a gradual or temporary state. The dead resemble the absent, in that the child does not see them. From six to nine years, most children personify death ("Carries off bad children. Catches them and takes them away"). To one child of eight, death was so real that he thought it left footprints. And to many, death is like a Halloween figure, all skeleton, or with its skeleton outside and visible.

Not until age nine or ten (all Dr. Nagy's ages are general averages) does the child begin to realize that death is the result of a process operating within all living things and marks an irreversible end to bodily life. Adolescents, reports Clark University's Robert Kastenbaum, manage to dissociate themselves from ideas of death as from everything else past or future—they live in an "intense present."

**Faith & Fear.** Editor Feifel questioned adults on "What does death mean to you?" Answers ranged from stoic acceptance of the inevitable to welcoming the "precondition for the 'true' life of man." Surprisingly, intensity of religious belief is no index to acceptance of death, and the most vociferous exponents of belief in a life beyond death have proved, in Dr. Feifel's sampling, to be the ones most afraid of death.

Concludes Editor Feifel: "Attitudes concerning [death], and its meaning for the individual, can serve as an important organizing principle in determining how he conducts himself in life . . . The concept of death represents a psychological and social fact of substantial importance . . . The dying words attributed to Goethe, 'More light,' are particularly appropriate to the subject of death."

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## Spring finery

Dina Merrill, socialite and successful movie actress, models a collection of new spring clothes to set feminine hearts fluttering. Smart women everywhere will want to visit LIFE's fashion gallery in this issue and browse among the color photographs.



## New crime series

Forget the suave jewel thief, the phony countess. In international crime they are not the threat. In the first article of a major series, LIFE shows how some 12,000 world criminals traffic in travelers checks, women, gold, how they are being combatted.



## Hurried young man

At 23, his income is more than \$250,000 a year. He's a rising singing star whose records have been bought by 7,000,000 fans. Meet Bobby Darin in LIFE. When you read about his amazing career you'll understand his ambition "to be a legend by 25."



## Shah's new bride

Flowers were strewn along her path, incense wafted from gold bowls. The queen mother sprinkled sugar over her. Thanks to LIFE's color cameras you are a member of the glittering wedding in Tehran when the Shah of Iran married lovely Farah Diba.



**GOOD READING,  
GOOD LOOKING**  
*in the new issue of*

**LIFE**

# ART



LEVINE'S "1932": A POISONOUS PEACH

## Easier Levine

At 45, hatchet-faced Jack Levine already possesses as formidable a technical equipment as any American artist. He has studied intensely his chosen masters, from George Grosz back through the Van Eyck brothers, merging their methods with his own. He can paint small and smooth, or big and rough, hot or cold, sunny or satiric. Yet Levine is best known for his editorializing pictures, such as *Welcome Home* (a piggy general at a banquet), which was included in the American painting exhibition in Moscow last summer and made President Eisenhower indignant. Asked about *Welcome Home*, Levine recalled with a tight smile that he had painted it just after returning from Army service in World War II, "and I thought the war was over."

Levine's own war with social evils will never be over, but it is intermittent. Perfectionism has been a far more persistent element in his work than satire, and often his results have been too rich and mannered. But last week, at Manhattan's Alan Gallery, Levine exhibited a new surprisingly natural and easy side. Eight of the 14 paintings were produced in four months last fall, a prodigious rate of speed. Levine explains that he got into the habit of taking his daughter to school every morn-

ing, and "then there was nothing to do but paint for the rest of the day."

More important was the fact that Levine had spent the summer touring European museums "in search of sustenance." What struck him especially about the great Titians and Velásquezes at the Prado was that they were unforced; clearly the masters did not desperately strive to paint masterpieces, and Levine resolved to imitate them.

As his lowering 1932 demonstrated, relaxation meant no diminishing of power in Levine's case. He succeeded in painting a poisonous peach with its fuzz intact. The canvas represented the transfer of power from Von Hindenburg to young Hitler (which actually occurred in 1933), and the beginning of a black and bloody

era for Europe. Hovering over the transfer was a third malevolent figure, dimly resembling both Goebbels and Von Ribbentrop. The scene was shadowy, casual, foreboding and, finally, as Levine intended, horrifying.

## LIGHT FROM THE EAST

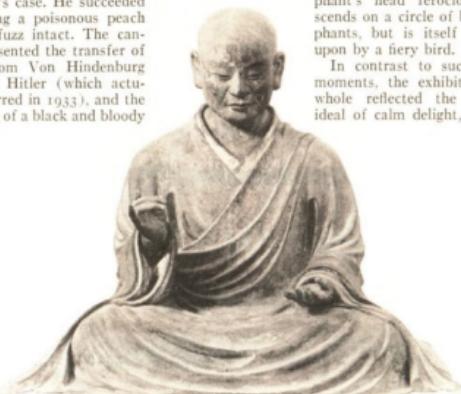
UNDERLINING the nation's ever increasing interest in Asia, three museums this week opened major shows of Asian art. In Washington the National Gallery staged an exhibition of *haniwa* (prehistoric ceramic tomb sculptures) lent by Japan. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts showed the Buddhist sculptures of Gandhara, on loan from Pakistan. Both shows were organized by Manhattan's Asia Society, which was formed in 1957 with the aim of cross-pollinating Eastern and Western cultures.

The society celebrated its swift growth by moving into a new building on East 64th Street designed by Philip Johnson and christened Asia House. Architect Johnson's curious combination of austere steel-and-glass with a luxurious leather-and-lined décor might strike some visitors as overformal, but at least it did nothing to detract from the superb objects displayed in the opening show. The loan exhibition chosen from the top American collections consisted of 46 masterpieces, ranging from Japan to Afghanistan and covering a span of 3,000 years.

Among the finest items: a bronze ritual vessel from China in the form of a rhinoceros, dating from the 12th century B.C.; a Mogul miniature painting of Krishna, tense as a strong bow, awaiting his beloved; and a fantastic carpet from 17th century Lahore (see color). The carpet begins at the top with peaceful scenes of partying, moves to a gazelle hunt, with swift cheetahs used as hunting dogs, and then explodes in a wild fantasy. While tigers watch, a giant griffin with an elephant's head ferociously descends on a circle of black elephants, but is itself swooped upon by a fiery bird.

In contrast to such savage moments, the exhibition as a whole reflected the Oriental ideal of calm delight, nowhere

KOSHUN'S HACHIMAN: AN UNTAINTED HEART



Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



RARE 17TH CENTURY MOGUL CARPET AT ASIA HOUSE



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KRISHNA AWAITING RADHA  
Mostly calm delight.

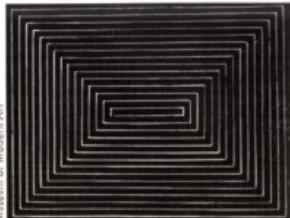
better shown than in the 32½-in.-high wooden sculpture of Hachiman, the Shinto god of war, who was incorporated into the peaceful Buddhist pantheon. Unlike his Shinto predecessor, the Buddhist Hachiman as carved by Koshun in 1328 was a peaceful and humble priest. "Even if I should have to drink molten copper," he once exclaimed, "I would not accept offerings from those whose hearts are tainted!" Koshun's image of him is clearly an offering from an untainted heart.

### The Higher Criticism

In a three-column box, the New York *Herald Tribune* last week apologized for its able, veteran art critic, Emily Genauer. In reviewing an exhibition of 16 Americans at the Museum of Modern Art, she had labeled the work of Frank Stella "unspeakably boring." Stella, she wrote, "paints huge black canvases carefully lined with white pin stripes and calls the results very accurately 'stripe-painting.'"

Not so, Stella protested in an urgent letter to the editor: "My paintings are what I do, not what I omit. In fact I paint black stripes about 2½ inches wide. Therefore the unpainted white spaces between them are not the stripes but what you call the 'background.'"

Conceded the *Trib*: "Miss Genauer stands corrected." To make everything clear, the *Trib* printed a Stella.



STELLA'S "TOMLINSON COURT PARK"  
Mostly nothing.

# fustian

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? HOW IS IT PRONOUNCED? WHAT IS ITS ORIGIN?

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# SPORT

## The Bowls

Wisconsin seemed to own Pasadena's Rose Bowl even before the kickoff. Matched against outweighed Washington, Wisconsin was a solid 6½-point favorite to continue the haughty Big Ten's annual devastation (12 victories in 13 years) of any team the West Coast could field. "I don't know why I keep coming back," complained one silver-flashed fan. "All I do each year is get drunk and start crying."

The West Coast figured without Washington's Bob Schloredt, 20, a strapping

fourth quarter, Schloredt countermanded Coach Jim Owens' order to punt when he had the ball on his own 16 with fourth down and one, rammed like a fullback to make the first down that started another touchdown drive. Final score: Washington 44, Wisconsin 8.

Other major bowls:

¶ For nine bitter weeks, Mississippi had brooded about its regular-season 7-3 loss to Louisiana State, convinced that it was the better team, despite the score. In New Orleans' windswept Sugar Bowl, second-ranked Mississippi got its chance for revenge. "Go out there and take



Associated Press

WASHINGTON'S SCHLOREDT & FLEMING  
Somewhat more than adequate.

(6 ft., 190 lbs.) junior quarterback who conspicuously lacks his trade's traditional egotism. Says he: "I consider myself just adequate." More remarkable still, Schloredt has only one good eye: as a boy back in Moorcroft, Wyo., he lost 90% of the vision of his left eye when a bomb exploded a firecracker in a bottle.

But against complacent Wisconsin, Quarterback Schloredt was a cocky signal caller who knew that Schloredt himself was Washington's best showdown runner. Early in the first quarter, he twice gam-bled and twice won by running himself on fourth down and short yardage to go, accounted for 37 yds. in his team's 49-yd. drive for the touchdown that numbed Wisconsin then and there. When Wisconsin quick-kicked, the ball was blocked. Recovering, Wisconsin punted again, and fleet Halfback George Fleming gathered in the ball, scampered 53 yds. into the end zone. Making Wisconsin look slow-witted and heavy-footed, Schloredt powered four straight plays through All-America Tackle Dan Lanphear (6 ft. 2 in., 222 lbs.), gained 42 yds. and sent the lineman limping off the field. In the

charge!" snapped Mississippi Coach Johnny Vaught at his team. Ole Miss did. Calm and grim, Mississippi tacklers crushed L.S.U.'s running game for a minus 15 yds., gave up only 8 yds. in tries to All-America Halfback Billy Cannon, who had won the first game with an 89-yd. punt return (TIME, Nov. 9). On offense, Mississippi turned radical, riddled L.S.U. defenses with passes like buckshot (15 completions in 27 attempts). Final score: Mississippi 21, L.S.U. 0.

¶ Top-ranked Syracuse (10-0) had a touchdown lead over Texas (9-1) almost before the crowd of 75,000 had settled into their seats in Dallas' Cotton Bowl. On the game's third play, Syracuse's Negro Halfback Ernie Davis (6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.) sprinted downfield, then cut across the middle to take a 37-yd. pass from Halfback Ger ("Der Fuehrer") Schwedes, and dashed 50 yds. untouched across the goal line. But after that, Syracuse did not develop full power, and the ragged, rough game turned ugly with charges of racism. Said Syracuse Negro Fullback Art Baker: "One of them spit in my face as I carried the ball through the

line." Syracuse's Civil War cannon that salutes touchdowns got only three chances to fire its mixture of used nylon stockings and torn newspaper into the laps of unamused end-zone fans. By game's end Coach Ben Schwartzwalder was willing to settle for the 23-14 score and call it a season. Said he: "Old Ben's tired."

¶ For years they had been saying that the round little man was washed up. By modern standards, the hard-nosed methods of Georgia's Coach Wally Butts, 54, seemed woefully out of date: in rugged practice sessions he cursed his players, expected everyone to live football by his own adage: "You've got to pay the price." Picked for no higher than fifth in the Southeastern Conference, Georgia's players this year decided to pay the price for Coach Butts, won the championship with an undefeated conference record. In Miami's Orange Bowl against Missouri (6-4), Butts muttered on the sidelines ("Taylor didn't block"), did not relax until his team had won 14-0 to cap one of the year's most remarkable comebacks.

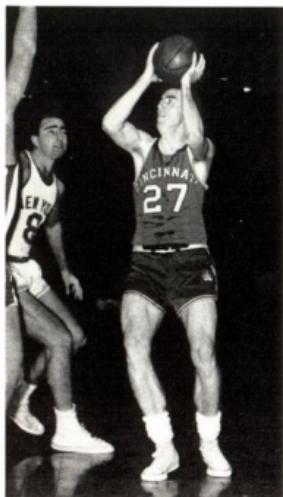
## The Egg Man

His team is wallowing in the depths of the National Basketball Association. He has no agile big man to flick him rebounds, no slick-handed guard to feed him cripes. Compared to the giants he faces in the forecourt, he is only medium-sized (6 ft. 6 in., 210 lbs.). Yet, when he gets his sensitive hands on the ball, no shotmaker in the N.B.A. is more feared than the Cincinnati Royals' Jack Twyman, 25, a lean-faced battler with an incredibly soft touch.

"It's like tossing an egg up there," says Twyman. "I toss it easy so the egg won't break." Twyman gets away with one-hand jump and two-hand set with deceptive speed, arches his shots so high they can even clear the soaring blocks of Philadelphia's mighty Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain (7 ft. 2 in., 250 lbs.). Says the Boston Celtics' Coach Red Auerbach: "Show Twyman a little daylight and—boom—it's up and in."

**Dogged Development.** Last week, given a little daylight by Boston, Twyman scored 40 points to lead the Royals to a 128-115 victory that snapped the champions' winning streak at 17, just one short of a new N.B.A. record. By week's end Twyman had boosted his year's average to 31.7, second in the league only to Chamberlain's 36.6. What was more, Twyman increased his total points to 1,267 to maintain a league lead of 95 points over Chamberlain, who had played in 8 fewer games. Sighed Twyman: "My legs feel like a couple of boards, just enough spring left to bounce into bed."

Sinking shots from the outside has never come easily for Twyman. Son of a foreman in a Pittsburgh steel plant, he suffered through an adolescence so gawky that he did not make the Central Catholic High School team until his senior year. At the University of Cincinnati, Twyman was still awkward enough as a freshman to be nicknamed "Footsie." But he practiced his soft shots so diligently that



Neil Leifer

CINCINNATI'S TWYMAN  
A little daylight . . .

in his senior year he averaged 24.6 points a game. Turning pro in 1955, Twyman doggedly worked on his touch long hours after his teammates had quit, showed steady improvement every year, last season trailed only St. Louis' great Bob Pettit in total points (2,105 v. 1,857).

One of the most respected men in



Neil Leifer

CINCINNATI'S ROBERTSON  
. . . is a dangerous thing.

basketball, the industrious Twyman is the Royals' player-representative in dealings with the owners and the N.B.A. When Teammate Maurice Stokes was paralyzed with a brain disease in 1958, Twyman became his legal guardian, has since directed the raising of some \$45,000 to meet hospital bills.

**Two Soft Touches.** Without the massive Stokes (6 ft. 7 in., 235 lbs.), Twyman has to carry so much of the Royals' load that he shoots all night long, has become what the pros call a "trigger." But help is coming: next year Cincinnati will get Oscar ("Big O") Robertson (6 ft. 5 in., 195 lbs.), the talented senior at the University of Cincinnati, who again this year is leading the college scorers (40.7 points a game), has a feather-soft touch of his own.

Playing in a holiday tournament at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, Robertson demonstrated just how much help he could be. The final saw the top-ranked University of Cincinnati matched against a hustling Iowa team. For the first few minutes Robertson seemed to have the Garden-variety jitters; twice he lost the ball through walking violations, missed two successive foul shots, Cincinnati dropped behind 24-13, and catcalls rasped through the smoky gloom of the balcony.

Then the Big O took charge. Moving at an easy lop, feinting smoothly with his shoulders like a boxer, he simply swept around his man, drove for the basket, and soared out of the melee with the ball cocked in his huge right hand for the scoring shot. His slim ankles tapped like a thoroughbred's, his shirttail flapping, Robertson turned solemn eyes on the scoreboard after each shot, balanced his attack with gracefully arched one-handers from the outside. Final score: Cincinnati 96, Iowa 83, Robertson 50.

With 16 games still on the schedule, Robertson needs only 170 more points to break the scoring record for the normal three-year varsity career (2,538), set by Furman's Frank Selvy in 1952-54. Unless he gets hurt, the Big O seems a cinch to make it.

### Scoreboard

¶ Canny Willie Shoemaker, 28, the little (103 lbs.) Texan that horses love to run for, booted home four winners at Santa Anita on the last day of 1959 to bring his total victories to 347, topping the nation's jockeys for an unprecedented fifth year.

¶ After sulkily protesting the pairings, Brooklyn's Bobby Fischer, the terrible-tempered boy (16) wonder of world chess, finally entered the U.S. chess championship in Manhattan, beat out fellow internationalist Grand Master Samuel Reshevsky to win his third successive title.

¶ With more and more skiers crowding the magnificent runs above Innsbruck, it was inevitable: Austrian state and local cops, all crack skiers, began patrolling the slopes, nabbed culprits for reckless skiing.

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# RELIGION

## Mariners' Monk

The little coastal freighter barely made it to the lee of Caldy Island, in the Bristol Channel, one mile off the Welsh coast. Bound out from the Scottish port of Irvine on a 30-hour run to the Welsh port of Milford Haven, the 700-ton *St. Angus* had run into one of the winter's wildest storms, which raked and pounded Britain from the Hebrides to the Scilly Isles. Off tiny Caldy (pop. 50) the seven-man crew faced a grim Christmas. Their food was running low, and there was little hope of getting more. The men of *St. Angus* radioed the situation to the mainland, and resigned themselves to riding out the storm on empty stomachs.

Suddenly they saw a sight to make Lord Nelson rub his eye. Out from the island, against 8-ft. waves and a 60-mile-an-hour wind, bucked an old World War II amphibious craft manned by four cowled monks and a coast guardsman. When *St. Angus* finally got a line to them, the crew hauled up a tea chest of staples. It was no ham or roast goose Christmas dinner, for the monks who brought it were austere Trappists, who eat only bread, butter, cheese and fruit. But there were some cans of beer (kept for monastery guests), for *St. Angus* men.

"Amazing courage!" said the postmaster of Caldy later. "The sea was pounding with such force that the spray was flying across the island like a flock of sea gulls." And last week, when the storm was even higher, Father Abbot Samson Wicksteed, 36, a wartime radioman in an R.A.F. bomber, led husky Brother Joseph, ex-Barrister Brother Thomas and wiry Father Anthony (an R.A.F. squad-

ron leader in the Battle of Britain and D.S.O. winner) once again into the gale. This time there was also a bottle of rum in the tea chest.

The 30 Trappists of Caldy Abbey work as hard as they pray on the 300 acres. For market on the mainland they raise cattle and chickens, sell eggs, cakes and hard candy. They shuttle thousands of tourists each summer in their two boats, *Morning Star* and *Lollipop*, to visit the red-roofed monastery. And they help keep themselves self-supporting by manufacturing a perfume out of lavender, verbena and gorse grown on the island. The scent's unmonkish name: Sybil—for top-rank Irish Couturiere Sybil Connolly, who distributes it in specially made Waterford glass bottles.

Last week's seafaring mercy mission was the worst, but not the first, for the perfumer-monks of Caldy; they have brought help to at least six other storm-beleaguered ships in the past few years. Cracked Brother Thomas last week: "One might say it's a monk's habit."

## Mission to Intellectuals

In the tiny Swiss ski-resort village of Champéry on New Year's Eve, a seldom used Protestant chapel blazed with candlelight, and an international congregation of young skiers assembled for an English-speaking service. At the altar was a U.S. Presbyterian minister who had returned for the occasion, after having been expelled from Champéry 4½ years before for his "religious influence."

The Rev. Francis Schaeffer's influence had consisted of providing a small Protestant oasis in the solid, stolid Roman Catholic bishopric of Valais. After serving at churches in St. Louis, Mo., Chester and Grove City, Pa., Philadelphia-born Presbyterian Schaeffer went to Champéry in 1949 to help organize Sunday schools for continental Protestants. But as the only Protestant minister for miles around, he attracted too many adults who were ripe for churching; despite Switzerland's reputation for tolerance, Schaeffer and his wife were told by the cantonal government that they must move out of the canton. At last they found a new headquarters 15 miles away: a 13-room chalet halfway up the winding mountain road above the Rhone Valley leading to the ski resort of Villars. Since their move, the Schaeffers have made the chalet one of the most unusual missions in the Western world.

**No Ski Bums.** Each weekend the Schaeffers are overrun by a crowd of young men and women mostly from the universities—painters, writers, actors, singers, dancers and beatniks—professing every shade of belief and disbelief. There are existentialists and Catholics, Protestants, Jews and left-wing atheists; the 20-odd guests this week include an Oxford don, an engineer from El Salvador, a ballet dancer and an opera singer. The one thing they have in common is that



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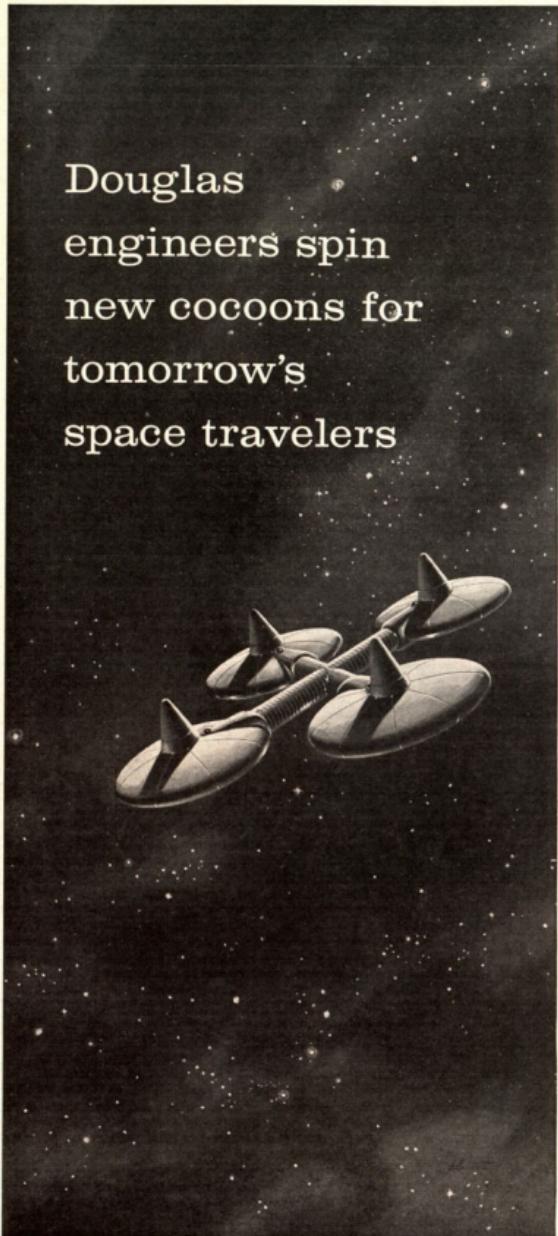
they are intellectuals. And the European intellectual is the single object of the Schaeffers' mission in the mountains.

"These people are not reached by Protestantism today," he says. "Protestantism has become bourgeois. It reaches middle-class people, but not the workers or the intellectuals. What we need is a presentation of the Bible's historical truth in such a way that it is acceptable to today's intellectuals. Now as before, the Bible can be acted upon, even in the intellectual morass of the 20th century."

Sandy-haired, sad-faced Francis Schaeffer, 47, and his handsome, mission-raised wife, Edith, 41, call their house *L'Abri* (shelter), and in the 4½ years they have been there, an "Abri Fellowship" has grown up to unite their former visitors and supporters. The Schaeffers depend on contributions; they accept no money from their church, and the young people who come are guests of *L'Abri*. For this reason, Missionary Schaeffer does not advertise. "There's no sense in turning this chalet into a free home for ski bums," he explains. News of the mission spreads by word of mouth only, and invitations are issued to those who are interested and considered suitable.

**Na Crutch for Kids.** The Schaeffers' guests spend most of their weekends in discussion sessions led by Francis Schaeffer in the chalet's big living room (where he also conducts a brief Sunday morning service), with a hike for exercise. The talk may begin with any subject, from skiing to space flight; Presbyterian Schaeffer, Bible in hand, trades dialectic with the best of them, as the air grows blue with cigarette smoke. "We don't sell sweet religious pills in the discussions," he says. "What we give is the truth."

Missionary Schaeffer's conception of the truth is uncompromisingly Biblical and fundamentalist. "If we accept part of the Bible as a myth, we might as well



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# CINEMA

be consequent and accept the whole Bible as a myth. Why, I can have more respect for a Teddy boy who tells me that killing a friend with a bicycle chain is all right. He at least has a philosophy. To people like him we can point out that morality does have a purpose, and we can lead them back to the self-consistent system of orthodox, reformatory Christendom."

The Schaeffers count their conversions in low numbers—last summer there were 17, and last week there were two more. But those who do become Christians are not likely to be superficial ones. "They're no fools," says Schaeffer. "When they make a decision, they possess the intellectual framework to make it in. We have had to solve the most unlikely problems, and the Lord has even helped us in preventing certain suicides. But religion isn't a crutch for kids or psychos. Religion is the universal truth. It is irrational to think that watertight doors exist between religion and intellectual thinking. A step of faith is no step in the dark."

## Conference Time

¶ In Washington, 10,000 boys and girls from every state but Alaska and Nevada—as well as from Europe, Singapore, Jamaica and Brazil—assembled under the auspices of Youth for Christ for a three-day "Capital Teen Convention" at the National Guard Armory, under the bannered slogan: TEENS TELLING TEENS IN THE WORLD'S DECADE OF DESTINY. Layman Ted W. Engstrom of the Evangelical Free Church, president of Youth for Christ International, urged his plaid-shirted and bobby-sox audience to write down the motto: "Christ Constantly in Command, Christ Completely in Control," and to put it into practice at school, at home, "and in parked cars on dates." Evangelist Billy Graham, a one-time Youth for Christ member, exhorted them to "turn your life over to Christ"—minds, eyes, ears ("Do you listen to dirty jokes?") and sex life ("The sex instinct in you is the strongest now; it will ever be . . . Give your sex life to Christ").

¶ In Baltimore, Methodists celebrated the 175th anniversary of the founding of the Methodist Church in America. At the Lovely Lane Church, named after the "meeting house" where the historic "Christmas Conference" took place, 280 Methodist pastors and wives assembled for a week-long re-enactment of the founding. All were under 35, in commemoration of the youthfulness of the 83 circuit-riding preachers who organized the Methodist Church under Francis Asbury. Baltimore's Bishop Edgar A. Love warned the young pastors against trying to "major" in both church and civic affairs—one must "major in one and minor in the other, and there is no question as to which must be the major field of operation." Bishop Love also urged them not to be too popular. "You may preach a spineless, conforming-to-things-as-they-are sort of Gospel that may not cost you anything. If you do, you may please the people and have a comfortable existence, but you will not have peace of mind."

## The New Pictures

**Solomon and Sheba** (Edward Small: United Artists), shot in Spain by King (*The Big Parade, War and Peace*) Vidor at a cost of \$4,000,000, had to be completely remade after the leading man, Tyrone Power, died of a heart attack. Yul Brynner and another \$2,000,000 were hurled into the breach, along with 3,000 soldiers—including almost the entire Spanish corps of cavalry. But all King's horses and all King's men couldn't put the pieces together again.

In the Bible story (*I Kings 10:1-13*) the personal relation between Solomon



GINA & YUL AS SHEBA & SOLOMON  
Quite a lump.

(Brynner) and Sheba (Gina Lollobrigida) is mercifully accomplished in a clause: "And king Solomon gave unto the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked . . ." In the film version this statement is generously translated into two hours of full-color, wide-screen lust, in which all of Solomon's love affairs are lumped into one. In the case of Solomon (700 wives, 300 concubines) this makes quite a lump, but Lollobrigida does her breasty best to fill the part.

She Lollo about "altogether in the altogether" and slinks around in the usual Oriental undies, looking as if she had dressed herself with an airbrush, flaring her nostrils and moaning: "Geeve heem to me, I want heem at my feet." Brynner tries hard to keep up, but he lacks Gina's natural bounce as a performer—and besides, his most photogenic feature is concealed by a wig. But he does manage to draw the biggest laugh in the picture when he remarks, as the camera turns to see what he claims to see in Gina: "Behind those lovely eyes is the brain of a very clever woman."

**Suddenly, Last Summer** (Horizon: Columbia), the end product of Producer Sam (*The Bridge on the River Kwai*) Spiegel's attempt to multiply a one-act play by Tennessee Williams into a full-length feature picture, may not be the greatest movie ever made, but one thing can definitely be said of it: it is the only movie that has ever offered the paying public, for a single admission, a practicing homosexual, a psychotic heroine, a procress-mother, a cannibalistic orgy and a sadistic nun. Showman Spiegel, who to Hollywood's amazement won a seal of approval for *S.L.S.* from both the Production Code Administration and the Legion of Decency ("separately classified"), has shrewdly presented the whole morbid mess as "an adult horror picture" about a woman "who is suddenly too old to procure boys for her son." Says Spiegel: "Why, it's a theme the masses can identify themselves with."

That is as the masses may decide, but the film undoubtedly tells a story they will shudder at. As it gets under way, an aging Southern belle (Katharine Hepburn) of the usual wickedly Williamsian sort is addressing a young neurosurgeon (Montgomery Clift). "I was the only one in his life," she says with ferocious tenderness. She is speaking of her son Sebastian, a precious young poet who died "suddenly, last summer," under mysterious circumstances, while on a European holiday with his cousin (Elizabeth Taylor). Ever since her son's death, the mother sweetly explains, his cousin has been insane, and now the only thing that will help her, the mother is convinced, is a lobotomy, which she wants the doctor to perform. In fact, she wants him to perform it quickly, and she offers to give \$1,000,000 to his hospital when he has done the deed.

Suspicious of the mother's motives, the doctor examines the patient in an asylum run by the Roman Catholic Church, where she is bullied by a villainous nun. He finds the young woman sane enough except on one subject: she cannot remember how her cousin died, and she gets hysterical every time the matter is mentioned. He probes deeper, and in the end the whole slimy story comes out. Sebastian was a homosexual who for years had used his beautiful mother as bait for handsome men. When mother got too old, the men grew scarce, so Sebastian latched on to the prettiest young girl he could find, and went right on playing the same game.

The game worked only too well in the weeks before he died. Every day in the little Spanish town where he and Elizabeth (in a plunging white swimsuit) were staying and playing he was surrounded by a huge crowd of poor, hungry young boys who were willing to do anything for food. On the day of his death, he was tired, and irritably tried to wave the crowd away. But they would not go. They closed in on him. He ran away. They

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pursued him to the top of a hill. And there, on the stones of an old pagan temple, they slashed him to death like a blood sacrifice, cut off pieces of his body and ate them.

Obviously, the big problem in such a picture is to pat all the various bits of dirt into some sort of significant mud pie, and Director Joseph (*The Quiet American*) Mankiewicz has done the patting with considerable skill and taste. His vague twilighting of the screen transports the audience instantly into the elegantly furnished womb where most of the action takes place. His cast is generally effective too. Actress Taylor's inability to reproduce a recognizable emotion becomes almost an advantage in a role that contains no recognizable emotions. Dr. Clift, whose gestures have in recent years been more and more reduced to twitches, sometimes looks even queerer than his patient, but on the

whole he comes off as "glacially brilliant." And Katharine Hepburn, even though she is all dolled up like a cross between Auntie Mame and the White Queen, does an intelligent job of portraying the devouring mother.

But the main trouble with the picture is not its subject or its style, but its length. In the 70-minute, one-act play that Williams wrote, the action slithered about the spectator with the speed of a big snake, crushing in its clammy coils. In the 114-minute movie it glides along so languidly that the audience has time to wonder about what is happening; and to wonder about this story is to realize that it is nothing more than a psychiatric nursery drama, a homosexual fantasy of guilty pleasure and pleasurable punishment. The dead hero is really no more than a sort of perverted Peter Pan, and the cannibalism itself nothing more than an aggravated case of nail-biting.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To William Francis Quinn, 40, Governor of Hawaii, and Nancy Ellen Witbeck Quinn, 40; their seventh child, fifth son; in Honolulu. Name: Gregory Anthony. Weight: 8 lbs. 9 oz.

**Married.** Michael Flanders, 37, bearded British comedian of the two-man hit Broadway show *At the Drop of a Hat*; and Claudia Coburn Davis, 26, a research assistant with Radio Free Europe; in Manhattan.

**Married.** Ernest Borgnine, 42, Oscar-winning cinematographer (*Marty*); and Katy Jurado, 32, Mexican cinematress (*High Noon*); both for the second time; in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

**Died.** Fausto Coppi, 40, Italy's idolized bicycle-racing champ whose zest and heart rate (30 to 40 per minute) helped him win the Tour d'Italie five times, the Tour de France twice; of pneumonia; in Tor-tona, Italy.

**Died.** Margaret Sullivan, 48, cellovoiced actress who brought a youthful vibrancy to a variety of roles on stage (*The Voice of the Turtle*, *The Deep Blue Sea*), screen (*Three Comrades*, *No Sad Songs for Me*) and TV, married a series of show-business personalities: Actor Henry Fonda, Director William Wyler, Producer Leland Hayward (fourth and last husband); Businessman Kenneth Arthur Wagg); presumably by an overdose of barbiturates; in New Haven, Conn.

**Died.** Paul Sauvé, 52, Quebec's long-time (1946-59) Minister of Social Welfare and Youth, who became Premier of Quebec on the death of Maurice Duplessis last September, relaxed Quebec's intransigence toward the Canadian federal government and Canada's English citizens; of a heart attack; in St. Eustache, Quebec.

**Died.** Ante Pavelic, 70, fanatical Croatian nationalist who carried the logic of national self-determination to its ultimate conclusion and sacrificed his countrymen to the savagery of the Nazis, represented more than any other living person the bitter, neurotic type of Balkan extremist who helped plunge Europe into two devastating wars; of the effects of a bullet lodged in his body three years ago by an assassin; in Madrid. Embittered by the Allies' creation of Yugoslavia after World War I, Pavelic promised obedience to Nazi Germany in return for a new state of Croatia with himself at the head of it. In the course of the war, he ordered or sanctioned the slaughter of 800,000 Serbs, Jews and Croats.

**Died.** Alfonso Reyes, 70, world-roaming Mexican poet (*Gulf of Mexico*), essayist (*The Position of America*) and diplomat, who delved lovingly into the history of his land without becoming insular, offered the synthesis of cultures in Mexico and South America as a possible model of harmony for the rest of the world; of a heart attack; in Mexico City.

**Died.** Margaret Mary Emerson, 75, Bromo-Seltzer heiress who kept high society agog with her array of rich husbands: 1) Smith Hollins McKim, a physician; 2) Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who went down with the *Lusitania*; 3) Raymond T. Baker, a Nevada prison warden who became director of the Mint; 4) Charles Minot Amory, a playboy; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Dr. Leo Loeb, 90, German-born, Swiss-educated pathologist, whose pioneer researches (into the importance of heredity and sex hormones) led Harvard's great Physiologist Walter B. Cannon to remark: "It is impossible to view cancer research from any angle without finding it enriched by Dr. Loeb"; in St. Louis.

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that brings  
colorful symmetry  
to telephones...



... also produces the pipe  
that protects  
a city's water supply!



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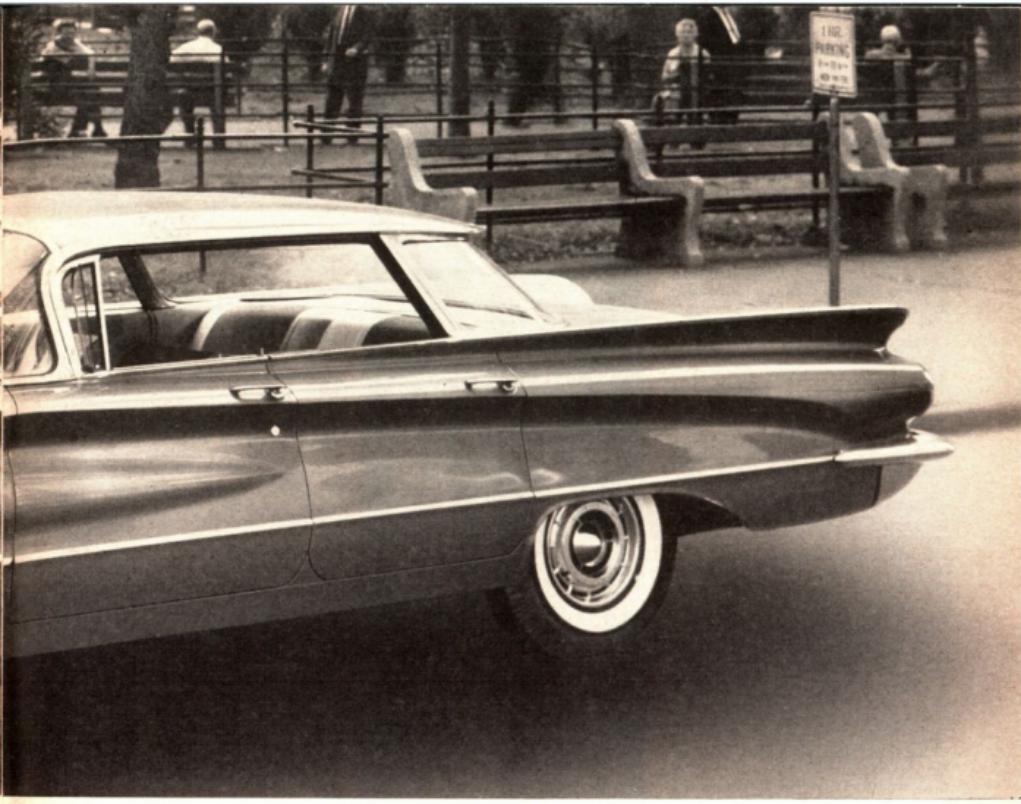
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NEW CAR—AND NO NEW CAR LIKE THE 1960 BUICK LE SABRE FOUR-DOOR HARDTOP



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# BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS

### New Look at Growth

One of the hottest politico-economic arguments in the U.S. involves the question: Is the U.S. growing fast enough? Last week the Federal Reserve Board produced factual proof that the industrial side of the U.S. economy is growing much faster than the Federal Reserve—and most economists—had charted. The faster pace was revealed when the Fed updated its industrial-production index for the first time since 1953; output has been rising at a rate of 4.1% a year from 1947 to date, v. 3.7% previously calculated. As a result, the revised index hit a peak of 166 (1947-49 equals 100) last June before the steel strike, instead of the 155 previously reported.

Behind the Fed's new and heartening figures lay years of careful work in sharpening its sampling techniques to reflect both the 1954 and 1957 census of business, plus a wealth of fresh new information on what is really going on in the U.S. economy.

**Caution.** Among other things, the Fed's cautious statisticians discovered that they had been vastly understating the rise in production of U.S. consumer goods. Instead of gaining 3% a year, it has been going up 3.7% a year; the rise in twelve years was 38% instead of about 40% on the old index. Likewise, the Fed neglected to count in its industrial index the output of two rapidly expanding major industries, the electric and natural gas utilities. Finally, rapidly advancing technology and the changing character of U.S. daily life had made the importance assigned to many industries hopelessly outdated. The Fed had been judging the importance of different industries in its index on the basis of the 1947 business census.

Since that time, vast changes have occurred in the rate of growth of many items in the index, and the new index takes this into account.

**Breakthrough.** In announcing the new index, the Fed pointedly made no reference to the mounting attacks on its policy of credit restraint, which many Congressmen contend has sacrificed growth for stable prices. Last week Democrat Paul Douglas' Joint Economic Committee of Congress came out with a massive report on "employment, growth and price levels" that criticized the policies of Fed Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. and Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson as "stepping too hard on the fiscal and monetary brakes," thereby limiting economic expansion. But the Fed's bulletin makes clear that output has not been basically hampered. The year-end recovery in industrial output is expected to put the revised index back near the pre-steel-strike high of 166, up twelve points from the October low. It will be in position for a breakthrough to new high ground early this year, if automakers (see col. 2) get all the steel they need.

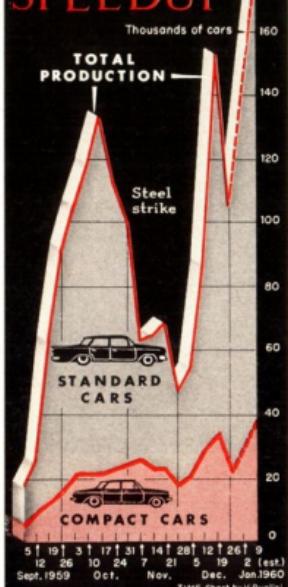
### Grounds for Cheer

As every new-car buyer knows, there is no thrill comparable to a fast getaway. This week automakers started a new quarter and a new year with scheduled production 85% ahead of the final quarter of 1959. Between now and March 31, the industry expects to produce 2,250,000

cars to compact cars. American Motors in 1959 turned out 401,440 Ramblers, an 87% gain over 1958, thereby lifting the Rambler from seventh to fourth place, barely a bumper behind Plymouth. If Plymouth's output of 19,726 Valiants is excluded, the Rambler actually was the third largest selling car in 1959. Next year, predicts Romney, compact and small cars will account for 2,340,000 sales, of which more than 500,000 will be Ramblers. To step up production, American will hire 7,000 more people, add a third shift soon to its final assembly plant at Kenosha, Wis.

Chrysler's Dodge Division reported that the first two months of the 1960-model year showed a 78% sales gain over 1958, in good part owing to the warm reception given to Dodge's smaller Dart. Studebaker wound up 1959 with output of Larks and Hawks more than 170% ahead of 1958, and no signs that the company is suffering from newer compacts. Particularly pleased with its compact-car entry was Ford. Partly because the Ford Division turned out 101,000 compact Falcons to 79,603 compact Corvairs produced by Chevrolet. Ford in 1959 beat Chevy out for first place in the auto production race, the first time since 1935. Ford executives say that the company may make 400,000 Falcons this year. Already, Ford has switched a New Jersey Mercury plant to production of Falcons and of Ford's second compact-car entry, the Comet.

\* The totals in the 1959 production race:



cars. It will be the largest first-quarter production in history, if there is no labor trouble. Automen predict that 1960 sales, including 500,000 imports, will soar above 7,000,000. American Motors' George Romney, most enthusiastic of the lot, forecasts up to 7,500,000.

Behind the industry's heady optimism lies the realization that, despite the steel strike, 1959 was a good auto year. Total output was 5,588,733 cars, a 32% gain over the 4,244,045 in 1958. Another cause of optimism is the depleted state of inventories. Unsold new cars in showrooms or in the supply line hit 976,390 on Aug. 1, but with the auto shutdowns the inventory dropped to 401,427 in December, the lowest total for the month in three years.

Another big cause of the industry's cheerfulness was the hearty welcome giv-

MAKE	1959 Output	1958 Output	1958 Rank
Ford	1,528,523	1,038,206	2
Chevrolet	1,423,214	1,255,935	1
Plymouth	414,055	367,296	3
Rambler	401,440	217,332	7
Pontiac	387,976	219,823	6
Oldsmobile	365,535	310,795	4
Buick	232,497	257,124	5
Dodge	194,271	114,206	10
Mercury	157,351	128,428	8
Studebaker	153,643	56,869	11
Cadillac	138,527	125,501	9
Chrysler	69,273	49,513	12
De Soto	41,322	36,556	13
Lincoln	30,500	25,871	15
Edsel	29,677	26,563	14
Imperial	20,969	13,673	16

### Down on the Range

In Eastern Seaboard supermarkets last week, bargain-hungry housewives bought choice sirloin steak at 69¢ a lb. and heavily marbled porterhouse at 79¢—and impatiently demanded more when supplies temporarily ran short. Out on the broad Midwest ranges, cattlemen were not so happy. Beef prices have been sliding for months, are expected to stay low most of this year. On ten major Midwestern markets from Denver to Chicago, grass-fed steers that brought 28½¢ per lb. in May sold for only 23¢ in December. In Kansas City, choice cattle slipped from 31¢ per lb. in midsummer to 27½¢ last week. Hogs and lambs have also dropped more than seasonally.

The dip is due to the fact that feed-

grain prices are down. With feed cheap, ranchers have bred huge herds over the past two years. As the cattle went to market, prices dropped. But cattlemen are fat enough to ride out the storm, and nobody expects the break to be as rough as the one that shook the industry four years ago (TIME, May 7, 1956). Said President James L. Runyan of the Kansas City Stock Yards Co.: "Cattlemen don't like the situation, but they are able to stand it. It's not like periods in the past, when cattlemen after cattlemen went broke."

## CORPORATIONS

### The Alleghany Battle

The widow of battling Railroadman Robert Young resigned in a huff from the board of the multimillion-dollar Alleghany Corp. last week—and thus set the stage for what promises to be 1960's liveliest proxy scrap. Anita O'Keefe Young, still ambitious and aggressive at 60-plus, quit to express her opposition to cold, stolid Chairman Allan P. Kirby, 67. It was a bitter end to a 25-year association. Kirby's inherited Woolworth millions had bankrolled Bob Young from the 1930s onward, had put him in command of Alleghany, which controls the New York Central Railroad, the \$3 billion Investors Diversified Services group, and 50% of the Missouri Pacific Railroad's Class B stock. Last week Wall Streeters were betting that Anita Young would place her considerable savvy and stockholding behind one or more of the high-powered outsiders who are eager to wrest control of Alleghany from Kirby.

**The Price of Surrender.** Day by day, thin-lipped Anita Young has been growing more dissatisfied with Kirby's management. Her pride was bruised because she felt Kirby was not keeping her properly informed of company affairs. Insiders buzzed that in the two years since Bob Young ended his life (and left all his Alleghany holdings to his widow), Kirby had spoken to her at length only twice, both times at board meetings.

To keep abreast of matters, she cultivated a close contact with tall (6 ft. 4 1/2 in.), young (35) Executive Vice President David Wallace, a Bob Young whiz kid. Anita Young urged Chairman Kirby, who is also president, to lift Wallace to the presidency. Instead, after Kirby heard that Wallace was huddling with Boston Industrialist Abraham Sonnabend, who wanted to take over Alleghany (TIME, Nov. 23), Kirby fired Wallace. Anita Young fumed, pointedly refrained from endorsing Kirby against Sonnabend.

The last straw was Kirby's capitulation to the demands of a minority stockholder, Randolph Phillips, who had charged Young, Kirby and the oil-rich Texas Murchisons with mismanagement of Alleghany assets. Not only did the Kirby-engineered settlement force Mrs. Young to pay \$1,050,000 to the Alleghany treasury (TIME, Jan. 4), but—far worse in her eyes—it gave victory and prestige to



EX-DIRECTOR YOUNG  
Out of the board room, into the ring.

Randolph Phillips, whom she considers a mortal enemy.

**The Coming Alliance?** If she wished to, Anita Young could very well tip the scales against Kirby. She owns 100,117 shares of Alleghany common and 170,020 shares of convertible preferred (market value: \$9,978,000). Under Alleghany's balloting rules, in which the common elects five of the nine directors and the preferred the other four, she probably has enough preferred to vote in two directors. Or she can convert her preferred into 905,314 shares of common, giving her 1,005,431 shares in all. (There are now 5,200,000 shares outstanding, plus warrants and preferred shares that can convert into another 8,200,000 of common.)

Furthermore, Mrs. Young admires the business abilities of Millionaire Sonnabend (Hotel Corp. of America; Botany Industries, Inc.), who says he controls 700,000 shares. If they ally, the Young-Sonnabend total of some 1,700,000 shares could outvote Kirby's potential of 1,524,000 (he now controls 524,200 shares of common, has warrants and preferred that can convert into some 1,000,000 more).

Another possible ally is Millionaire Clint Murchison. He also was angered by Kirby's deal with Randolph Phillips because it cost the Murchison interest \$700,000, plus 24% of the votes in Investors Diversified Services. Also in the wings: William Zeckendorf, boss of Webb & Knapp, which has borrowed millions from Alleghany. He is a business crony of Sonnabend and would like to do some wheeling-dealing with the Central's choice real estate. Finally, there is Randolph Phillips himself, an expert financial infighter.

At week's end there was no word from the anti-Kirby camp. But if war is started, Wall Streeters feel that Allan Kirby will be in for a Pier 6 brawl.

### Call for A.S.R.

Though sales are at a record high, the nation's cigarette manufacturers are still worried that a new cancer scare might topple the impressive sales statistics. Seeking to hedge their bets, the tobacco makers have been searching for ways to diversify. Last week Philip Morris Inc. announced that it would purchase A.S.R. Products Corp. (makers of Gem and Pal razors and blades) for \$22.5 million. The deal would mark the first move by a major U.S. cigarette manufacturer to go into a new consumer field. Said Philip Morris President, Joseph F. Cullinan III: "I believe that A.S.R. represents a nucleus to which could be added a number of other consumer products."

Though A.S.R. is the second largest

## TIME CLOCK

**FILTER SMOKES** grabbed record 50.5% of booming U.S. cigarette market in 1959 (up from 46.1% a year ago), reports tobacco industry's top consultant, Harry M. Wootten. The five top sellers:

Camel	(nonfilter)
Pall Mall	(nonfilter)
Winston	(filter)
Lucky Strike	(nonfilter)
Kent	(filter)

Profits of U.S. cigarette makers jumped 8.8% to \$197 million in first nine months of 1959.

**100 MILLION PASSENGERS**, up from 1959's 95 million, will fly world's airways this year, predicts International Air Transport Association.

**320 STOCK SPLITS** in 1959 set a record. Previous high was 181 in 1955. Forty split proposals are already set for 1960, compared with only 22 at similar time last year.

**FRENCH JETLINER ORDERS** are being considered by United Air Lines for the medium-range, twin-engine Caravelle. United has conducted preliminary negotiations with Caravelle builder, France's Sud Aviation.

**FIRST PIPELINE** designed for liquefied petroleum gas will be built by Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad. The \$60 million, 2,500-mile pipeline artery will stretch from West Texas to Wisconsin and Minnesota. The railroad has already lined up enough shippers to supply 30,000 bbl. daily.

**SENSIBLE FRENCH MONEY** was issued last week by government. The new franc equals 100 old francs; e.g., one U.S. dollar equals 4.9 heavy francs, as compared to 490 old francs.

**U.S. EXPORT INCREASE** in 1960 will raise U.S. total to \$18.5 billion, forecasts National Foreign Trade Council. Imports should rise by \$500 million to \$15.7 billion, leaving trade balance at \$2.8 billion.

\* Sister of Georgia O'Keeffe, the best living U.S. woman painter.



## The Traveling Capitalist

### STANLEY CHARLES ALLYN

**M**OST business men are happy if they get 10% of their profit from overseas business. But not Stanley C. Allyn, the chairman of National Cash Register Co., whose

products start with the grocer's \$200 till and top off with a \$1,000,000 electronic computer. "Chick" Allyn already counts 40% of his profit from his business abroad, figures to up that ratio to 50% this year. Says he: "We're not going to compete with foreign producers just by yelling for tariffs. It's going to take hard work. If we get fat and lazy, we'll wind up a second-rate nation."

**C**HICK ALLYN likes to say that his company's name is listed in the telephone book of every major city in the free world. N.C.R.'s lines of commerce spread out from Dayton, Ohio to seven plants and 500 offices in the U.S., and then out to an overseas empire on which the sun never sets: nine major plants strung from Europe to the Far East, sales offices in 121 nations. Sales were a fat \$420 million in 1959, with an estimated profit of \$18.9 million, best in N.C.R.'s 77-year history.

Allyn is the very model of the traveling capitalist, who bounces around the world spreading U.S. ideas. At 68 he is nearing the rocking-chair age, but the ruddy, grey-haired businessman averages five trips abroad each year, traveling 100,000 miles. Says he: "You can't learn about world conditions sitting on the banks of the Miami River in Dayton." What Allyn has learned amounts to a field manual for U.S. businessmen.

When Allyn pushes his company into a new country, he tries to give the market the product it wants, not the product he thinks it ought to have. For example, N.C.R.'s bookkeeping machines for the Middle East make entries from right to left as the Arabs do, have 72 Arabic characters and figures. Allyn believes in hiring the people in each country to run his business, is proud that there are only six U.S. citizens among his 23,000 employees overseas.

Nor does he make the mistake of treating foreign staffers as poor cousins. Many of the same benefits that N.C.R.'s U.S. workers enjoy extend throughout the company, and Allyn pays special attention to the ways of each land. When N.C.R.'s plant near Yokohama was opened, it included a Shinto shrine for the workers, in the Japanese tradition,

and Chairman Allyn placed an offering of leaves on the altar. To help teach U.S. customs and business practices, Allyn invites many foreign businessmen to be N.C.R.'s guests at the company's seminars at Dayton, this year expects 2,000 visitors from overseas.

Allyn had a master to teach him: John H. Patterson, N.C.R.'s founder, an erratic genius generally credited with being the father of modern salesmanship. Allyn, born in Madison, Wis., was just out of the University of Wisconsin ('13) when he went to Dayton to attend a wedding. He paid a visit to the N.C.R. plant and noticed a sign listing 100 reasons why it was a good place to work. Only one really caught Allyn's eye: "No relatives in the business." Patterson did not really mean it. But it was enough to persuade Allyn to start clerking at \$20 a week, though friends told him that the cash register was a dead-end business—everybody has one.

Working for Patterson was an experience. The boss liked everyone to be on the job at 6:30 a.m., insisted that executives wear vests and join him in his food fads (he once heard that Bulgarians lived long because they ate garlic, had plates of the buds served at every lunch). Young Allyn survived it all, and at 27, he was comptroller and the youngest member of N.C.R.'s board.

**B**Y 1940, Allyn had been well trained to take over the top job. In '25 years at N.C.R., he saw sales doubled to \$40 million. As boss, Allyn has multiplied them another tenfold. During the war, he took N.C.R. into defense work, but made sure he would be ready for the worldwide boom he saw ahead. With peace, Allyn hurried to Germany to check on N.C.R.'s Berlin plant. It was gone. "The Russians had rolled up our plant like a rug and hauled it behind the Iron Curtain," says Allyn.

Allyn built new factories at Augsburg and Berlin, put up others in Scotland, Sweden, France, Brazil, Japan. Then came the new products: registers and calculators of every description. N.C.R. developed an automated electronic book-keeping system for banks, added sales of \$70 million in the first two years the system was on the market.

Allyn hopes to push his new products overseas to help foreign retailers, knows that the cost comes back many times. Says Allyn: "We consistently invest part of our profits in the countries where they are earned. You meet the responsibilities of foreign operations as well as reaping the benefits."

(after Gillette) razor-blade manufacturer in the U.S., until recently it has suffered from unimaginative marketing policies. With its extensive advertising, promotion and consumer-research programs, Philip Morris hopes to beef up A.S.R. sales; other consumer-product possibilities for the new combine are candy, shaving creams and men's toiletries.

## INDUSTRY

### The Promised Land

With the insistence of a TV commercial, RCA Chairman David Sarnoff and his subordinates have repeatedly predicted that profitable color television was just around the corner for RCA. Last week Sarnoff announced that the corner had finally been turned. In 1959, RCA sales of color television sets ran 30% ahead of 1958, and for the first time since RCA entered the field in 1954, receipts exceeded expenses. But Sarnoff and RCA declined to say how many color television sets were sold. Industry sources guessed that RCA, the leading color-set producer, probably sold around 200,000 in 1959. Still to be recovered: Radio Corporation of America's estimated \$130 million ten-year investment in color television compared with the \$50 million spent in developing black-and-white.

## AVIATION

### Grim Record

While jet-powered 1959 ranked as U.S. commercial aviation's best year in terms of technological advance, it went down as the worst in terms of safety. A record 294 passengers and crew members were killed in nine fatal crashes of scheduled U.S. passenger planes last year. Counting cargo, nonscheduled and training flights, there were 18 fatal accidents, with 329 deaths. On scheduled flights, the fatality rate jumped from .38 per 100 million passenger miles in 1958 to .73 in 1959, highest since 1952. The only bright note was that scheduled pure jets had no fatal mishaps (but there were two fatal crashes of turboprop Electras, and another of a turboprop Viscount).

Even so, it is still much safer to travel in planes than in autos (1958 fatality rate per 100 million passenger miles: .23), but more dangerous than by trains (1958 rate: .27 per 100 million passenger miles) or city and intercity buses (rate: .24). The Federal Aviation Agency, plainly worried by the recent rise in accidents, is tightening safety regulations all around. The Senate Aviation Subcommittee is also concerned, next week will open an investigation into recent crashes.

## BUSINESS ABROAD

### Spindles from America

Back in the '20s and '30s, U.S. firms helped build tractor plants in Stalingrad and a steel mill at Magnitogorsk; and U.S. engineers helped build Russia's great dam on the Dnieper.

This strictly business collaboration be-



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*2 4 5 5 0*

*1 2 5 5 0 0*

*5 8 7 0 5 7*

*7 8 9 2 8 7*

*1 3 7 6 4 4 4 1*

*3 1 6 8 9 4 5 -*

*1 7 9 2 5 0 1 0 0*

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tween Communist and capitalist—generally out of fashion the past twelve years—was revived last week. Intertex International, a New York agency representing some 40 U.S. firms, signed a contract in Moscow to equip a \$30 million textile plant at Kalinin, midway on the main road between Moscow and Leningrad. This will be the biggest diversified textile plant equipped with U.S. machinery to be built anywhere outside the U.S. in a decade. The contract price is six times the total value of U.S. exports to Russia in 1958. Terms: cash on delivery.

### Merging for Survival

Britain's ailing aircraft makers believe that misery loves a new company. Last week Vickers-Armstrongs, maker of the turboprop Viscount and Vanguard, and English Electric Co., R.A.F. fighter-plane builder, sped up their longstanding merger talks. They also began courting Bristol Aircraft, maker of the turboprop Britannia. They feel they will need a big combine to compete against the Hawker-Siddeley Group and de Havilland Aircraft Co., which last month announced plans to merge. If stockholders approve, Hawker-Siddeley and de Havilland will become the biggest aircraft company in the Commonwealth (combined assets: \$250 million).

Behind the new moves to combine is Duncan Sandys, Britain's Minister of Aviation, who has proposed merger as the only way for the industry to regain its strength and avoid costly duplication of planes and missiles. What made de Havilland, also sought as a partner by Vickers-Armstrongs, so attractive is the fact that it manufactures the Comet, Britain's only commercial pure jet, and has a major share of Britain's missile industry. De Havilland also has orders from British European Airways for 24 of its new short-range jet, the D.H. 121. De Havilland Managing Director Sir Aubrey F. Burke

liked the new tie-up, since he is slated to boss the combine's aviation activities. Still to be determined are the fates of the Siddeley Group's Canadian subsidiary, A. V. Roe & Co., and de Havilland Aircraft of Canada.

Even with the mergers, the British aviation industry has a long way to go before it settles down to the two or three major units that Minister Sandys hopes for. Still unspoken for are Fairey Aviation Co., Rotodyne aircraft developer; Handley Page, an R.A.F. jet bomber maker; and such firms as Hunting Aircraft, Short Bros. & Harland, and Westland Aircraft, Britain's leading helicopter maker. But with a dwindling market for military aircraft (less than 50% of industry sales last year: 65% in 1956) plus U.S. dominance in long-range jetliners, amalgamation appears to be an economic must.

Britain's aircraft makers are not too happy with the extent of Sandys' plans. But he can rely on some powerful weapons. He controls procurement of military aircraft and civilian airliners for government-owned British European Airways and British Overseas Airways as well as some \$420 million a year in research and development funds.

### Job Security

Strange things began to happen when Northwest Airlines petitioned the South Korean government last July for permission to increase its Tokyo-Seoul service from four to five round trips weekly. Korean government agents raided Northwest's Seoul office and seized its records, returned them only after the U.S. embassy protested. The authorities then turned down Northwest's application, grumbled that the airline was "pro-Japanese and anti-Korean." Reason: all its Tokyo-Seoul stewardesses are Japanese. Hinted one Seoul official: "Why not employ Korean stewardesses?"

Last week Northwest announced that it will hire one or two Korean stewardesses, expects to start testing comely college graduates this month. Applicants, said Northwest, must speak English and Japanese, be less than 27, "should have a nice, slender figure, lots of charm, no glasses—and no gold or silver front teeth."

### Go East, Young Man

In Hong Kong's Café de Chine, 500 guests sat down to a lavish celebration that included a 14-course dinner, scenes from Peking operas, Soochow poetry recitations, drinking and dancing. The host was Insurance Tycoon Cornelius Vander Starr, 67, and the occasion was the 40th anniversary of his insurance company, the largest independent international insurance agency in the world, with branches from Paris to Phnom Penh. Starr, who started his business in the Far East, could well afford the celebration. Last week his American International Insurance Corp. reported that in 1959 it collected \$155 million in life and general (fire, casualty, and marine) insurance premiums, has more than \$1 billion in force. From his insurance fortune, Starr can also afford



Foto Rio

CORNELIUS VANDER STARR  
Insurance pays a handsome premium.

to be a sportsman, patron of the arts and philanthropist. He spent more than \$2,000,000 transforming Stowe, Vt., into the Magic Mountain of New England skiing, underwrote the cost of the Metropolitan Opera's new production of *Madame Butterfly* (TIME, March 3, 1958), and has helped further international relations by annually providing scholarships in U.S. schools for some 20 foreign college students.

**Goodbye Shanghai.** Born in Fort Bragg, Calif., Starr left the University of California before graduation, was admitted to the bar after reading law with a San Francisco attorney. He ran an insurance agency for two years, sold it for \$10,000 when he enlisted in the Army during World War I. At war's end he went to Shanghai, took over the tiny insurance department of a Shanghai bank, converted it into an independent firm—American Asiatic Underwriters—and became agent for a dozen U.S. insurance companies, including Fireman's Fund, Continental and Great American. He violated the custom of the European colony by giving responsible jobs to Chinese, thus opened up the Chinese community to his salesmen. His Asian company expanded so rapidly that in 1926 Starr returned to New York and created the American International Underwriters Corp. to centralize reporting for his Shanghai companies and to develop insurance in the U.S. on risks abroad. Starr's hard drive for business did not endear him to more genteel competitors. They called him a buccaneer as he snatched their business away, often by offering higher commissions to agents, and larger rebates to those insured if they filed no claims.

In 1926 Starr bought a small Shanghai newspaper, built it into the Shanghai *Evening Post & Mercury*, one of the most outspoken papers in the Far East. Starr's paper opposed Japan's growing sphere of influence so vehemently that he was forced to leave Shanghai. Then the Japanese took over the city. But American



Camera Press—Pic

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AROUND THE COUNTRY OR AROUND THE WORLD, FIRST NATIONAL CITY KNOWS

International found new fields to conquer in Latin America, eventually built a larger business there than it ever had in the Orient.

**Hello, Hong Kong.** Starr went back to Shanghai after World War II, found his organization intact. When the Chinese Communists threatened the city in 1949, Starr hired three airplanes and shuttled more than 100 employees and their families to offices in Hong Kong.

These days, Latin America accounts for 40% of Starr's business, the Far East 30%, and the rest of the world the remainder. His organization has invested heavily to help beef up the economy of the countries where it does business. Starr's fast-growing Philippine American Life subsidiary has built middle-income housing in the islands, has also financed modern factory sites. His latest project: Philippine Americans is constructing model agricultural units to teach Filipino farmers better ways to boost crop yields.

## Free & Easy Trade

The threat of economic exclusion from Western free-trading areas last week forced Japan and the crown colony of Hong Kong to take a close look at their trade policies. Worried by warnings of retaliation from the U.S., the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry announced that by April 1961, Japan would free 70% of its imports from trade restrictions. Twenty-four items ranging from buttons to smoking accessories were on the automatic approval list while the entire schedule is being worked out.

In Hong Kong, the newly formed Hong Kong Garment Manufacturers (for the U.S.A.) Assoc., fearful of U.S. tariffs against their ever increasing garment exports, set up a voluntary three-year quota system for shipments of cotton goods to the U.S. (TIME, Dec. 14). With the blessing of the colony's government, the new restrictions limit 1960 exports to the U.S. to the 1959 figures plus a 15% increase; in each of the next two years, there would be an additional 10% increase.

Hong Kong's quota restrictions raised a furor in both the crown colony and the U.S. Many of the garment manufacturers are bitterly opposed to the restrictions set up by the Garment Manufacturers' Assoc., which, however, does include 85% of all the manufacturers exporting to the U.S. But, says one exporter realistically: "Put us out of work with high tariffs and you hand the colony to the Reds."

U.S. garment manufacturers are not impressed by Hong Kong's voluntary quotas. "We're interested in U.S. control, not what Hong Kong tells us that they are going to ship," said one garment-industry official. The U.S. garment industry feels that other low-wage countries will follow Hong Kong's earlier example in sending quota-free cotton goods to the U.S., knocking the bottom out of many products of the U.S. textile industry. Thus, despite Hong Kong's restrictions, U.S. garment makers will continue to lobby for tighter legislative restrictions on garment imports into the U.S.

## GOODS & SERVICES

### New Ideas

**Transistorized TV.** A portable all-transistor TV set that operates on home current or a self-contained rechargeable 12-volt battery was announced by Tokyo's Sony Corp. The set weighs only 13 lbs., measures 6 1/2 in. by 8 in., with a rectangular screen running 8 in. diagonally. Sony will start selling the set in Japan in March, plans to export soon after. Japanese price: about \$200.

**Pocket Phonograph.** Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp. brought out a small (8 in. by 4 1/2 in.), light (less than 2 lbs.) British-made phonograph that operates on four flashlight batteries, automatically adjusts to 33 1/3 or 45 r.p.m. The base has a spindle on which the record rides; the top has a tone arm with a needle, flaps over to play the record. Price: \$68.

**Electron Cutter.** United Aircraft Corp.'s Hamilton Standard Division (propellers) will put on the market a machine,



SONY'S PORTABLE TV  
At home or away.

developed by West Germany's Carl Zeiss Foundation, that uses electron beams to weld, mill and drill hair-fine holes in the hardest known materials, e.g., quartz, tungsten, zirconium. An electron gun fires beams that boost the temperature on the surface of the material up to 11,000° F.; it can cut 100 holes in a straight line across a pinhead, drill a sapphire watch bearing in six seconds, weld a tough nuclear reactor core. Lease price: about \$25,000 a year—and up.

**Wooden Wallpaper.** A wallpaper with a .003-in. covering of grained and stained walnut, birch or cherry wood was put on sale by Chicago's Denst & Soderlund Associates, Inc. The paper, made in West Germany, comes in rolls, or in squares for parquet effect on walls. Price: 25¢ to 33¢ per sq. ft.

**3-D TV.** Westinghouse Electric Corp. showed off an experimental three-dimensional television set at the Home Furnishings Show in Chicago. Two TV cameras take separate pictures of the same scene, focus them on the screen at the same time. Viewer, by wearing special 3-D eyeglasses, sees only one scene with his left eye, the other scene with his right eye—thus gets 3-D effect.

## MISCELLANY

**Internal Matter.** In Miami, freed of a petty larceny charge for eating candy, strawberries, bananas, string beans and a package of sugar-coated ham while shopping in a supermarket, Mrs. Marie Schor said indignantly, "Why, I've been eating there for more than five years."

**Busy Line.** In Indianapolis, charged with burglary when police caught him taking a phone apart with hammer, screw driver, mallet and can opener, James H. Coleman explained: "I was just trying to recover a dime I lost."

**No Drilling.** In Cuneo, Italy, during a party celebrating his tenth year of dental practice, Bernardino Lerda was arrested by authorities, who discovered that he had never graduated from medical or dental school.

**Big Game.** In Braintree, England, Claude Grimwood was fined \$14 for illegally setting traps for foxes, after one of his traps snagged the village policeman.

**Conspicuous Consumption.** In Atlanta, informed that his baggage was half a pound over the weight limit, a Delta Airlines passenger pulled out a 2-ft. roll of salami, sliced off half a pound before his plane left and ate it.

**Staggered.** In London, Ont., convicted on three charges of car theft, William Johnson explained to the court: "I only steal cars when I become too loaded to walk home."

**Menu Change.** In Rome, Ga., Joseph A. Mize complained to police that the thief who had been taking milk from his front porch left a note to the milkman for two quarts of chocolate milk, took them away too.

**In the Bag.** In Kingston-on-Thames, England, Mrs. Winifred Langridge, a store detective, was fined \$140 for shoplifting from a neighboring store.

**All the Brakes.** In Brownsville, Texas, celebrating his 80th birthday and 38th consecutive year as Cameron County judge, Oscar C. Dancy accounted for his longevity: "I've never owned nor driven an automobile."

**With Cheek of Tan.** In Lansing, Kans., Prisoner Floyd E. Ireland won the poetry contest at Kansas State Prison, later was sent to solitary when his poem turned out to be the work of John Greenleaf Whittier.

**Pay for the Beat.** In Toronto, Ont., University of Toronto Student Ries Karvanque, capitalizing on the beatnik boom, charges \$5 for appearing at parties in beatnik garb and letting the guests discuss her, \$10 for playing the bongo drums, \$15 for reciting beat poetry.

CONTROL



C. Virgil Martin, President, Carson Pirie Scott & Company

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## BOOKS

### Read 'Em & Weep

"There can hardly be a stranger commodity in the world than books," wrote Georg Lichtenberg, an 18th century German aphorist. "Printed by people who don't understand them, sold by people who don't understand them, bound, criticized, and read by people who don't understand them, and now even written by people who don't understand them."

A look at the current bestseller list (see p. 84) gives Lichtenberg the air of a prophet. The fiction crop is one of the poorest in years. Items:

¶ James Michener's *Hawaii*, a vast pudding in which amateur geology, history and sociology scarcely blend with crude, febrile fiction.

¶ Thomas Costain's *The Darkness and the Dawn*, a turgid historical.

¶ John Hersey's *The War Lover*, a well-meant attack on war and warriors by a serious writer whose work in this book is not equal to the demands of his sermon.

¶ Robert Ruark's *Poor No More*, a portrait of a heel who seems to have affected both the author's prose and point of view.

¶ Taylor Caldwell's *Dear and Glorious Physician*, a lugubrious attempt at catching St. Luke in a wide-screen historical that all but approaches farce.

¶ Leon Uris' *Exodus*, a plodding novel about Israel that could almost serve as a textbook of inept fiction writing.

The only novel good enough to be out of place on this list is Morris West's *The Devil's Advocate*, a Graham Greenethumb story about sin and sainthood.

The nonfiction list, though undistinguished, is almost a relief after the novels. Against the shrewdly calculated corn of Harry Golden's *For the Plain* and the old wives' appeal of Dr. D. C. Jarvis' *Folk Medicine*, there can be set Garrett Mattingly's *The Armada*, a rare, readable example of historical scholarship. To offset *The Stolen Years*, which cashes in on headlines about the recent murder of Prohibition Gangster Roger Touhy, and Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers*, a flight of amateur and secondhand sociology, there is a vivid re-creation of D-day in Cornelius Ryan's *The Longest Day*. Moss Hart's *Act One* reflects the undying interest in the theater when a prime mover goes uninhibitedly candid; and Herman Wouk's *This Is My God*, while it surely owes much of its success to the fact that its author is a bestselling novelist, is nevertheless a competent and tender summary of the Jewish faith.

Yet, taken altogether, it is a deplorable list. A reader who worked his way through all the books on it would find his sense of style outraged, his deepest emotions hardly touched, his stock of information increased but little and his understanding of his times barely improved.

Nevertheless, publishers—and bestseller-minded authors—are making more money than ever. For most, 1959 will wind up as the biggest year in history.

### 0 x 1 = 0

THE TRAITOR [304 pp.]—André Gorz—Simon & Schuster (\$4.50).

To the many hazards of autobiography, André Gorz, French by adoption but a birthright existentialist, has added something new. Austrian-born Author Gorz is not quite sure that he exists. He thus commits himself to a gaseous and perhaps nonexistent subject matter. Nonetheless, this enterprise has set the eyeballs of Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre rolling in a fine frenzy, resulting in 36 pages of



Jean Marcoul

#### EXISTENTIALIST GORZ

Not quite sure that he exists.

introduction, "an honor accorded few books," as the publishers reverently announce. Sample honor: "This hoarse, muffled voice, this breaking voice will live in your ears."

Readers who like philosophical teasers will be fascinated by this dubious puzzler that is all clues and no solution. Essentially, it is not an autobiography—although such facts as may be found in it correspond to Gorz's own personnel file—for the author is seeking not to establish, but to disclaim, destroy and discard his nature.

*The Traitor* belongs to that melancholy branch of contemporary literature in which a thousand Jobs, from Silone to Koestler, have pleaded their hardship cases before history's unsentimental court—the D.P.'s story. Gorz is not just another displaced person, but a displaced personality. Feeling rejected by history, he responds with a gesture of total repudiation. Says Gorz of himself: "Not to be here; to be only a transparent, infable and therefore invulnerable presence . . . this is how he began to be." Indeed,

Gorz stands at such a distance from himself that for most of the book he refers to himself as "he," to the admiration of Sartre, who is reminded of Rimbaud's declaration "Je suis un autre [I am someone else]."

**Intellectual B.O.** In Austria before World War II, Gorz was a Catholic among Jews and a Jew among Catholics. His father, a shuffling businessman, had changed his name on conversion to Christianity. After Anschluss, young Gorz was a "half-caste of the first class." In all the literature of post-Freudian antiparent polemic, few have displayed a bleaker childhood. Mother was hateful, wanted him a girl; Father was despitable and despised; at school, his playmates beat young Gorz up, and of course he was a coward. The only things that seem to be lacking in his lifelong dossier of difference from others is that Gorz is neither homosexual nor colored.

Sooner or later (it does not matter, for time, among other things, has been abolished in this book), the reader learns that Gorz became an atheist, a Nazi, a Marxist scholar, a student of chemical engineering in Switzerland. He hankered, like Rimbaud, to exchange Europe's savagery for that of Africa, but unlike Rimbaud, did not actually go to Africa. Even in Paris he was a dog of the wrong color; "autre chien" was the French pun for "Austrian" (Austrian). Someone told Gorz brutally: "You stink intelligence the way some people stink under their arms," another that "You write. That means you don't have to live."

The great event on his Damascus road-to-nowhere was his meeting, in a Geneva bistro, with Jean-Paul Sartre, who appears in the narrative as Morel, and whose overpowering than Gorz's own. The Sartre double exposure, both as character in the book and character witness for it, has some of the snap, crackle and pop of good Gallic intellectual cooking, but also serves notice that when the French desert their native rationalism, they are capable of talking wilder nonsense even than the Irish.

**Green Leaf & Grey.** Despite the existentialist flimflam, *The Traitor* is told with a good deal of force; some readers will be reminded of Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground* or Henry Miller's confessional shockers, though it lacks the genius of one or the grand gusto of the other.

A more serious defect is involved in Gorz's philosophic intention, a defect that gives weight to Bertrand Russell's dictum that "existence by itself alone is a vicious abstraction." Gorz rejects as "historicity" what most writers jealously collect: the accent of speech, the style of clothes, of house, of gesture—all the million muddled details that together compose the language in which character declares itself. In fact, it is the real craziness of Gorz's conviction—that he has achieved identity through "nullity"—that gives the book its genuine fascination. It should be good to hear more from André Gorz when (like the Biblical character dispossessed of a devil)

# NOV. 7, 1940...



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# How to find a plant site in California



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he is clothed in his right mind. Meanwhile, the reader may suspect that Gorz's rejection of all the things that made him involves a blasphemy against the very substance of life in favor of a featureless landscape of abstractions—something G. K. Chesterton had in mind when he wrote, "There is one sin: to call a green leaf grey."

To the irreverent, the final effect of this oddest of contemporary autobiographies is that of Henley's *Invictus* recited by a passionately sincere but chilblained nudist. Possibly, a more appropriate verse would be:

*As I was going up the stair  
I met a man who wasn't there.  
He wasn't there again today.  
I wish, I wish he'd stay away!*

## Under the Cold Stars

FRIDAY'S FOOTPRINT (244 pp.)—Nadine Gordimer—Viking (\$3.95).

The 13 stories in this new collection deal with Whitest Africa. Some blacks do appear, but only to serve meals, provide background music or fetch and carry. In other books (*A World of Strangers*, *The Lying Days*), Author Gordimer's characters faced the fact that they were white men, "few, guilty and unloved, in the black men's continent." This time, mostly, they face themselves.

With only each other to treat savagely, they still do a consummate job. In the title story, fat, foolish Rita Cunningham marries her dead husband's stepbrother, a slim, sardonic man with a tomcat's morals and the face of a "boy film-star." The end is total humiliation for Rita. Women, generally, have a bad time. *Our Bovary* tells of Sonia Smith, who looks like a dahlia, "large, top-heavy, gorgeous," and who gets satisfaction neither from her small husband nor her stifling small home town. South African Author Gordimer, 35, who is a finely made woman herself, often seems appalled by the size and beefiness of her fellow countrymen—matrons with "goose-fleshed, quacking red arms," and large, blond, blue-eyed men with red faces.

Most of their struggles are internal: soundless voices scream for help while faces keep smiling gamely. But Author Gordimer can describe the outer world as evocatively as the inner chaos of man. A slight story, *The Bridegroom*, comes alive in its loving account of a night on the Kalahari Desert, a vast stretch of grey sand, thorn bushes and cratered earth, under a "spiky spread of cold stars."

In *The Gentle Art*, she neatly combines her love of the African land with her often shocked observation of its inhabitants. It deals with another night under the cold stars, this time on a wide and sullen river during a hunt for crocodiles. The searchlight's beam picks up the two glowing, red eyes of a crocodile on the river bank. From a distance of three yards the hunter fires and the crocodile's head explodes. The still twitching saurian is hauled aboard, and one of Nadine Gordimer's

hearty women, a guest on the expedition, gives tongue. "Oh, my God!" she cries. "Wasn't that wonderful? Did you ever see anything like it! Those eyes! Staring at you! Crash—Whoom—Finished!"

## Blood & Mines

STRIKE FOR A KINGDOM (185 pp.)—Menna Gallie—Harper (\$3.50).

Menna Gallie's brief and beautifully written first novel of the Welsh coal fields is the sort of book that best-selling authors should be required to copy two or three times in longhand. The language has a strong, shy wit, and the story—of a troubled, strikebound village—is told with force and skill. Welsh-born Novelist Gallie is able to give her sympathy to the



NOVELIST GALLIE

She knows how to write about men.

strikers without the posturing of protest literature, and to evoke the gamy folk flavor of her villagers without being cute or condescending.

Murder is at the heart of the book. The unloved manager of a coal mine is knocked on the head and tumbled into a river one dark night. There is ample reason for doing him in: the strike, a disastrous eruption in 1926, has been bitter, the manager was a harsh boss, and he has been slipping up the back stairs to visit the wife of one of the miners. The mystery is complicated when the body of a stillborn baby is discovered nearby—no girl in the village, as someone remarks, was known to have been as pregnant as all that. The local justice of the peace, who is also a miner and a poet, follows the crime to its solution. But violence, although it is one of the elements of life in Novelist Gallie's village, is not the dominant one. The book begins with poetry—impudent, rope-skipping verses shrilled out by little girls—and it ends the same way, as the justice of the peace at last works out the open-

# Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Lorne B. Pratt

## Busy executive

Lorne B. Pratt is Vice-President of the M. Penn Phillips Co., world's largest land development company; Vice-President of the Hesperia Inn (Hesperia, Calif.); formerly Secretary-Manager of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Pratt writes this about his new Rambler . . . the 3rd he has owned:

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THE WORLD OVER

ing lines of a verse that has been troubling him.

A surprising thing about the author's considerable skill is that she knows very well how to write about men; most of the book is seen from a wholly masculine viewpoint. Particularly effective is a midnight episode in which timorous strikers march out to meet a force of equally fearful police. The book's best line is given to a striker who, irritated at politicking women, mimics the old gag: "As we married women unfortunately know, there are certain aspects of marriage at which a gentlewoman shudders, but, ladies, I find that it is possible to live out these times if one sets one's teeth and thinks of ENGLAND!"

## Their Finest Hours

THE CITY THAT WOULD NOT DIE (280 pp.)—Richard Collier—Dutton (\$4.50).

At 1:40 a.m. on May 11, 1941, Police Constable Reginald Oakes was crawling in total darkness along a 12-ft. plank that linked two window ledges in London's bombed-out Alexandra Hotel. At one window, trapped in the ruin of their bedroom, were a shoe manufacturer named Davies, his wife and two panicky daughters. At the other, Constable John McKenna did his best to hold the plank steady; a concrete courtyard yawned 45 ft. below.

As Oakes inched toward the family, the gutted walls breathed ominous creaks, but that was only one of his worries; his pay was sure to be docked for a broken flashlight, he later recalled thinking, and his uniform was hopelessly soiled—that could mean explanations to the sergeant. Snarling directions, Oakes guided the Davies family, one by one, to safety. "Never mind my name," he snapped. "If you've anything to say about me, I'm P.C. 369 B."

**Cockney Courage.** What a grateful family had to say about its rescuer was glowing enough to provide Oakes—to his immense surprise—with Britain's coveted civilian award, the George Medal. Yet the constable's finest hour, as British Freelance Writer Collier makes clear in his meticulous chronicle of a Saturday night during London's blitz, was only one of many. Despite such selfless cockney courage, when the all-clear-blew, 1,436 Londoners were dead; another 1,800 clung to life in hospitals. Nearly 800 tons of high explosives and incendiaries dropped by 505 Luftwaffe bombers had tindered 2,000 fires, gutted 11,000 homes, chocked 8,000 streets from West Ham to Hammersmith with rubble.

One more week of heavy Luftwaffe bombing, Author Collier argues, and London might not have justified his book's ornately Churchillian title. The city had fumbled badly since the beginning of the blitz: fire-fighting brigades, their tough prewar ranks swollen by amateurs, were poorly coordinated, and water reserves were badly located. Worse, 35 weeks of bombardment had hardened London into



Combine

RESCUE DURING LONDON BLITZ  
No writer could bungle it completely.

taking business and pleasure as usual; on the night of the great raid, perhaps half the fire watchers were AWOL.

Why did the Luftwaffe fail to return the next night? What brought on this particularly savage sortie, the last and worst of the blitz? Collier can only make a guess. The night before, an insomnia-ridder Adolf Hitler had poked irritably at the log fire in his Bavarian mountain-lodge retreat; a captive audience of Nazi underlings yawned in their teacups. Then Hitler's secretary, Martin Bormann, and Pilot Hans Baur brought up the recent British raid on Berlin; was not some reprisal in order? Though every available aircraft was being readied for top-secret Operation Barbarossa (the attack on Russia), Hitler foolishly agreed.

**Stiff Upper Lip Service.** The genesis of the raid seems to be the only assumption in a book crammed with first-rate research; if anything, the spadework is a little too thorough. Collier's "the day that" formula has by now become weary familiar. His dense, stodgy prose oozes little of the night's blood, sweat and tears, pays only stiff upper lip service to London's assorted heroes; most of them seem as anonymous as the dust that clogged their lungs.

But no writer could bungle May 10-11, 1941 completely, and Collier has pages of stirring authenticity. His sense of small drama is sure: pretty Marguerita Stahl, buried alive for 15 long minutes, fearful only that her fiancé might have died during the blast (he did); the curiosity of the men in Fighter Command Operations Room as they plot the erratic flight up the North Sea coast of a lone Messerschmitt bearing Deputy Fuehrer Rudolf Hess on his mad "peace mission" to King George VI. Such touches have the gritty reality of men at war.

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# TIME LISTINGS

## CINEMA

**Black Orpheus** (French). Winner of the 1959 Grand Prix at Cannes, this wildly beautiful adaptation of the old legend is made new and vital by an unknown cast, the brilliant direction of Marcel Camus, and a Brazilian tropical background.

**The 400 Blows** (French). Director François Truffaut has turned the story of a small boy's desperate attempt to escape from the heartsick world of his parents into a stunning metaphor for modern man trapped in the society he has fashioned.

**Ben-Hur**. Director William Wyler's \$15 million film version of Major General Lew Wallace's Biblical bestseller has its faults, but the chariot race alone is worth the price of admission.

**Third Man on the Mountain**. Beautifully photographed in Switzerland, James Ramsey Ullman's *Banner in the Sky* has become a sort of alpine *Huckleberry Finn*, with James MacArthur as the main piton in a juvenile adventure.

**They Came to Cordura**. A flashy though convincing saddle opera with Gary Cooper as a cavalry major whose spiritual courage makes even Rita Hayworth forget his physical cowardice.

**Pillow Talk**. The box-office champions of the 1958-59 season, Rock Hudson and Doris Day, are teamed in an attempt to present a sort of *World Series* of sex, with Comic Tony Randall stealing all the bases.

**The Magician** (Swedish). A fantasy about a mid-19th century Mesmer and his troupe of psychological castaways is both confusing and fascinating, remains a dazzling demonstration of Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman's ingenuity.

**North by Northwest**. Superb Hitchcock-and-bullets, with an enduringly spotless Cary Grant and a refreshingly unzipped Eva Marie Saint, involving foreign agents who are brash enough to think they can fill Grant's tomb.

**Happy Anniversary**. David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor as a man and wife celebrating their 13th anniversary, recalling a night to remember.

## TELEVISION

Wed., Jan. 6

**CBS Reports** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).\* The U.S. missile program takes an hour-long examination. Title question: "The Space Lag: Can Democracy Compete?" Others: "Could the U.S. have launched Explorer I before the Russians launched Sputnik I?" "Is a democracy badly impeded in the race for space with a dictatorship?"

Thurs., Jan. 7

**Special Tonight** (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Maureen O'Hara as Mrs. Miniver, with Cathleen Nesbitt, Leo Genn.

Fri., Jan. 8

**The Art Carney Show** (NBC, 8:90-30 p.m.). Carney, Celeste Holm, Orson Bean, Jessie Royce Landis, Hiram Sherman and Neva Patterson appear in *The Man in the Dog Suit*, a Broadway comedy from the 1958-59 season. Color.

**The Twilight Zone** (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m.). *Third from the Sun*, by Rod Serling. \* All times E.S.T.

concerns two families who try to escape society on a space ship. With Fritz Weaver.

Sun., Jan. 10

**Johns Hopkins File 7** (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.). *The Unknown World* is the planet Venus, explored in this second segment of a three-part series on astronomy. Guest commentator: John Streeter of Philadelphia's Franklin Institute.

**Congress** (CBS, 5:50-30 p.m.). Taped in the Baltimore laboratories of Embryologist Dr. James Ebert, *Life Before Birth* follows his studies of cellular differentiation, his efforts to determine when, how and why a particular cell will begin to specialize.

**The Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). The last days of August and the first few of September 1939 are re-created in *The Week That Shook the World*, i.e., the start of World War II, with 20-year-old recordings of Edward R. Murrow, Eric Sevareid and William L. Shirer from London, Paris and Berlin.

**The Jack Benny Program** (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). Guest: Veteran (58) Comedian Ben Blue, whom Benny impersonates, in Blue's own thaumaturgic robes, as Chandu the Magician.

Tues., Jan. 12

**Lincoln-Mercury Startime** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). An hour with Dean Martin, Nanette Fabray, Fabian, André Previn, Color.

**The Garry Moore Show** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Actress Gertrude (A Majority of One) Berg, Singer Diahann Carroll.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**Five Finger Exercise**. There is more than a measure of truth in Playwright Peter Shaffer's picture of English country-house life, and John Gielgud's fine direction helps to keep the uneven play (with Roland Culver and Jessica Tandy) from becoming intolerably cat-and-mousey, turns it into an engrossing production.

**Fiorilegio**! Out of a dynamic human being—New York City's Little Flower, May or La Guardia—and a razzle-dazzle era comes a musical whose few weaknesses cannot keep it from seeming generally delightful.

**The Miracle Worker**. The extraordinarily luminous performances of Anne Bancroft as Teacher Annie Sullivan and Patty Duke as the young Helen Keller bring force to Playwright William Gibson's loosely constructed story and brilliance to the theater.

**The Tenth Man**. Playwright Paddy Chayefsky has juxtaposed chant and wisecrack, surrealism and photography, insanity and farce in his story about a young girl believed possessed by an evil spirit, and though the play fails philosophically, it remains a genuine theater piece.

**Heartbreak House**, Shaw's picture of Europe's pre-World War I leisure class, is wordy and sprawling, also is witty and brilliant. The cast includes Maurice Evans, Carmen Mathews, Diana Wytryard.

**Take Me Along**. A nostalgic mood musical made from O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* and made the brighter by Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, Eileen Herlie and Robert Morse.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**Billy Liar**, by Keith Waterhouse. The highly comic tale of a Yorkshire mortician's clerk who, Dick Whittington fashion, dreams of London, but misplaces his cat and never gets there.

**Diplomat**, by Charles W. Thayer. The author draws on his 20 years as a U.S. career diplomat to write an informative and entertaining handbook of his profession's hazards and trade secrets.

**The Papers of Benjamin Franklin, Vol. I**, edited by Leonard W. Labaree. This well-prepared collection takes the sharp-witted young journalist to his 28th year, plainly shows a man seen too often only as a national monument.

**Flower Shadows Behind the Curtain**, translated by Vladimir Kean and Franz Kuhn. To judge from this ancient improper tale, sexual hanky-panky was much the same in 12th century China as it was in Boccaccio's 14th century Italy.

**The World of James McNeill Whistler**, by Horace Gregory. This first-rate biography sacrifices color for perspective, but even a toned-down Whistler is no still life.

**The Wisdom of the West**, by Bertrand Russell. The peppery old sage pulls off a prodigious feat of analysis, narrative and condensation by fitting a history of Western philosophy into 320 pages.

**The Liberation of the Philippines**, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The 13th volume in the author's naval history of World War II stems with customary skill through the summer of 1945.

**The Longest Day**, by Cornelius Ryan. A poem by Verlaine, and Rommel's wife's new shoes, are typical of the minutiae turned up in this well done, microscopic examination of D-day.

**The Anger of Achilles**: *Homer's Iliad*, translated by Robert Graves. The bad boy of the classicists brilliantly carries out an engaging idea: that the *Iliad* was intended to be a satire of gods, kings and heroes.

**James Joyce**, by Richard Ellmann. The best biography so far of the quirky genius; a work that describes and evaluates, but does not try to debunk.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. **Hawaii**, Michener (2)\*  
2. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (1)

3. **The Darkness and the Dawn**, Costain (3)

4. **Poor No More**, Ruark (6)

5. **The War Lover**, Hersey (7)

6. **Dear and Glorious Physician**, Caldwell (5)

7. **Exodus**, Uris (4)

8. **The Devil's Advocate**, West

9. **The Ugly American**, Lederer and Burdick (8)

10. **The Breaking Point**, Du Maurier

#### NONFICTION

1. **Act One**, Hart (1)

2. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (2)

3. **This Is My God**, Wouk (3)

4. **The Longest Day**, Ryan (6)

5. **The Armada**, Mattingly (4)

6. **The Status Seekers**, Packard (5)

7. **The Joy of Music**, Bernstein (7)

8. **The Stolen Years**, Touhy

9. **For 2¢ Plain**, Golden (10)

10. **Triumph in the West**, Bryant (9)

\* Position on last week's list.



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